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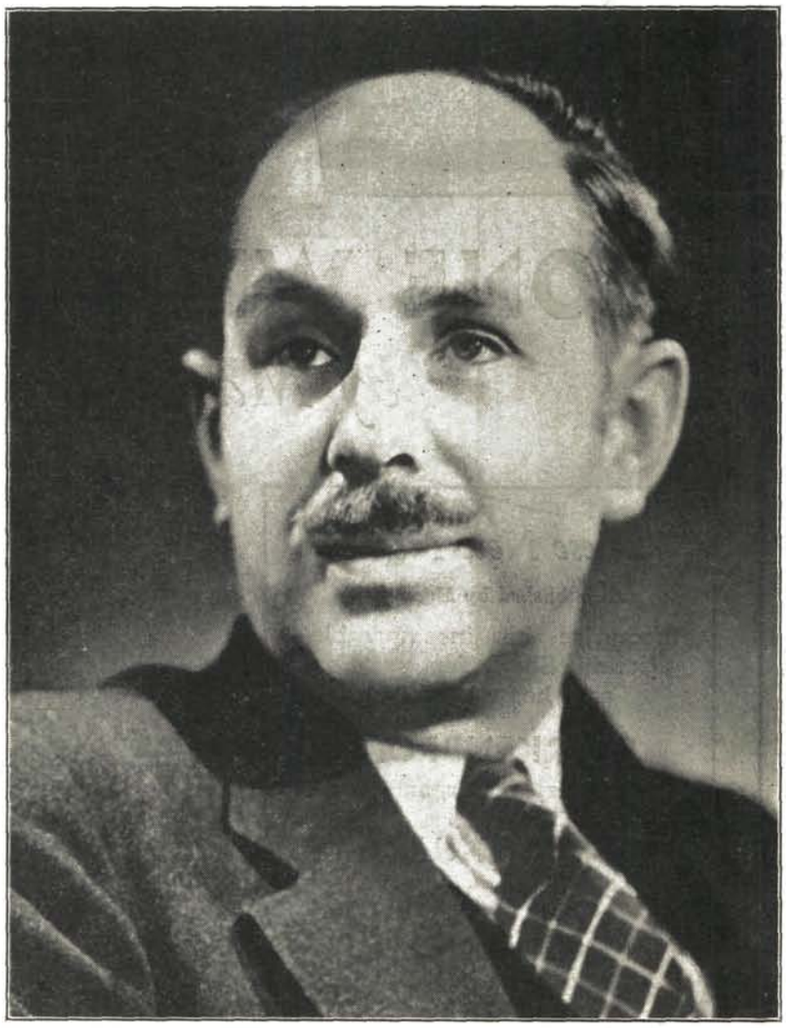

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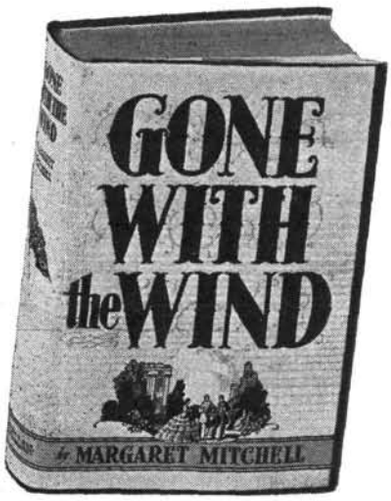

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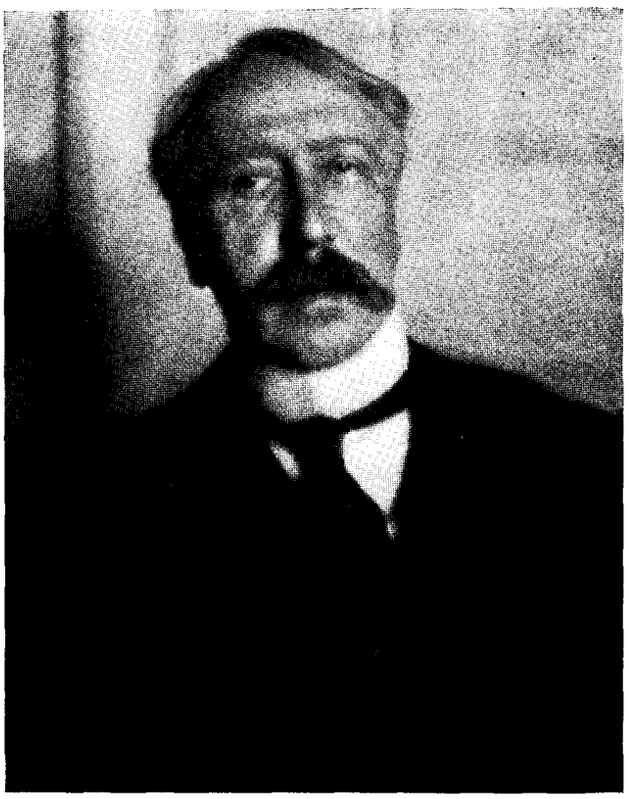
Next Door to George Moore

BY OLIVER S. J. GOGARTY

ELY PLACE runs from North to South and is closed at the Southern end by a wall ornamented in the austere style of the eighteenth century which knew so well how to relieve blankness by recessed arches, squares, and pilasters in low relief. An old street lamp in a bracket of wrought iron hangs over a central arch. The top line of the wall is broken by rectangular masses of masonry which, rising highest in the centre, give its blindness a dignity and suggest that one is regarding rather the end of some mansion in the country than the confining wall of a city cul-de-sac. On one side of Ely Place there are nineteen houses. There are twelve on my side, which is entered by Hume Street at right angles. It falls short by the space of my garden which could contain five houses, to equal those of the other side. My house is the last on my side; obliquely opposite to me, in the second last house on his side, lived George Moore for the ten years he was in Dublin.



GEORGE MOORE

To reach his garden George Moore had to cross the quiet street; but as it flanks the side of my house and is now my garden, looking back I can speak of him as living next door. There was none to come between us when we walked in the orchard garden of Upper Ely Place.

Though the five houses on the block in which George Moore lived were built some forty years after our great period and during the sudden decadence which followed the Union with England, they had not degenerated altogether from the grand spaciousness and unparalleled proportion of the buildings of our prime. From my bay window, looking obliquely over the garden and across the deserted street, I could see him, pink and white as a Dresden shepherd or a screen of hawthorn, gazing down from one of the two tall windows of his drawing room; and I knew that in a little while his apple green hall door would open and he would come sauntering across with the key to let himself into the grounds. Then he would stroll up and down knowing well that my work was done and that I would soon be at his call. Rarely would he bring himself to whistle or to raise his voice. Never did I venture to hail him from my window. I would stand at the glass door of my dining room which gave on to the garden until I caught his eye and was called as if by chance to share his stroll.

"Ah, my dear Gogarty, come out and walk with me a little while." I would keep step silently on guard, for I knew that he had taken the air chiefly to vent the tension of his day, spent in composing, by some querulous argument with me. He had a way with him which silence could not force. It was unavailing for me to say nothing. That would only add to the tension until I felt that I was becoming rude. I was only too aware that a bent for silence was about the last thing he would attribute to me. So instead of waiting for the elder man to lead, I had to chatter on. It was hard to think of noncommittal phrases.

"You are blessed in your garden, Moore." Then goodbye to silence.

"Yes; if it were not for all the old maids and their cats. This place is raucous at night with wailing over their love affairs."

"Cats?"

"Of course!"

"You could have been referring to the old maids from the way you constructed your sentence."

"My dear fellow, no one can construct a sentence since the death of Landor and the rise of journalism. What exactly did I say?"

"You said nothing exactly. You purposely left it open so that I could construe it to mean that the old maids were bewailing their love affairs nightly or that the cats were raucous. Or both."

"The cats are more audible. It is not a case of 'A pity beyond all telling' being 'hid in the heart of love.'" He smirked at the quotation from Yeats.

"No," I said, "It is a yelling beyond all pity." He hissed his appreciation.

"But their dogs are worse in a way than their cats. I would not mind the cats but that I sleep badly and have the most awful dreams." He had told me of these nightmares once or twice before, but when I inquired into their nature he would dramatize his answer by a gesture of horror: "Oh, for Goodness' sake! Don't!" So now I made no comment.

"You were saying that the dogs were . . . ?"

"I have composed a Limerick. But you could do it so much better. Let me see. Och, I've forgotten it!"

"No, no! Go on. You cannot have forgotten it. I love Limericks. I think that they are the tersest form of statement in verse. It is a pity that they have become so associated with universal innuendoes or the far-flung geographical

Next Week

YOUNG MEN IN SPATS
By P. G. WODEHOUSE
Reviewed by Robert Strunsky

THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY
By HILAIRE BELLOC
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

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cataclysms of Love. They hold dominion over palm and pine."

"Cataclysms? Come now! Surely you mean 'orgasms' of Love, not 'cataclysms'?"

"I mean cataclysms. Orgasms cannot be put into words or even music. They must be felt to be experienced. They constitute 'The pity beyond all telling.' But some Limericks revolve inly dooms greater than those of Thebes; and woe is crowded on woe in the earthquake of their last line." He grinned again at the misuse of the great line of Yeats. But cajoled he began:

The dogs of the dirty Miss Drews
Are suffered to do what they choose:
Until they're called in
With hysterical din;
While I am wiping my shoes.

Again he hissed his strange short laugh through his teeth. And suddenly dismissed the cats and dogs of his neighbors, the Misses Drews.

Moore, now that I come to think of it, had engaged a new cook.

I made the proximity of my house an excuse for the informality of my visit. Obliquely it is thirty-three yards across the street from his doorstep to mine. "I just ran over to ask you when you can dine with us. Any night your cook goes out we would be glad to have you."

"Mrs. Gogarty is very kind. Thursday: to-morrow then."

"But to-morrow is Saturday. It is I who will be coming here. You asked me to dine."

"Why! Of course it is. What a nuisance!"

"But it does not mean that you will not be welcome on Sunday or Monday."

"I meant what a nuisance calling days by names is. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and all the rest of it."

"Yes; one would think that a thing so secret, unobtrusive, and silent as Time would have escaped this tendency of Nominalism. Abelard of course!"

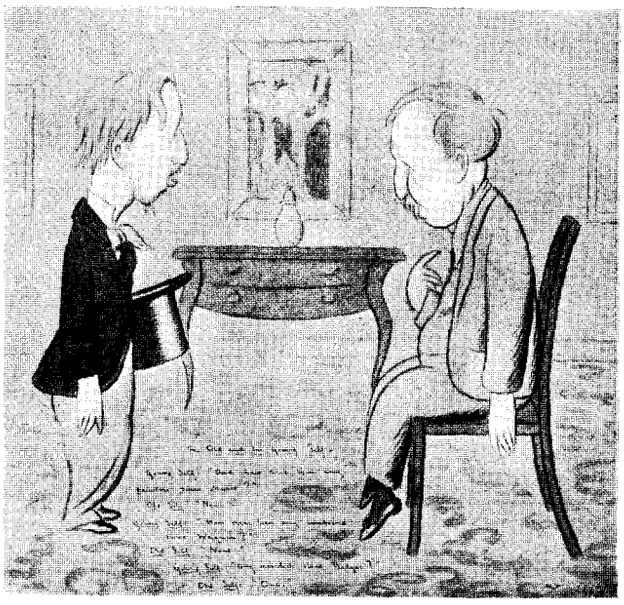
A trim figure, but a figure not soldierly for all the years it had "served," was coming up the quiet street. The Colonel, I said. George's brother, Colonel Maurice Moore. He was by no means a frequent visitor to No. 4. I wondered on what errand he was bound when he must have known that George's "At Home" would be on to-morrow night. Rumor will have it that he does the gallant act of which his brother only talks.

As he passed, my identity dawned on him. He stopped with a low sound to himself, then uncertainly, loudly: "Ah! Here! I say. . . . I had almost passed you without seeing. . . ."

"Gogarty."

"Yes, of course. Of course." He smiled under his military moustache and his eyes brightened without the parrot scrutiny of George's. "You see a good deal of that brother of mine. Look here, if you have any influence with him . . . no one has . . . but if you could persuade him to drop his insistence on the suicide of my —our father, the publishers could bring out the book. You know that I have completed a Life of my father, George Henry Moore. George was to write the Preface but he insists in it that his father, our father committed suicide. He is even somewhat proud of it. . . ."

I knew how distressing the thought of his parent's eternal damnation must be to a religious mind like the Colonel's. I also knew how George must be preening himself at the Colonel's distress. And I knew that were I to approach George and to ask for mercy on the Colonel and his father, he would only become the more perverse the more the notoriety he felt he was achieving.



GEORGE MOORE: *from Max Beerbohm's "Observations."* YOUNG SELF: *"And have there been any painters since Manet?"* OLD SELF: *"None."* YOUNG SELF: *"Have there been any composers since Wagner?"* OLD SELF: *"None."* YOUNG SELF: *"Any novelists since Balzac?"* OLD SELF: *"One."*

"A thing like that is best left alone . . ." I was beginning to say.

The Colonel bridled. "But this is not a thing to be hushed up. It is an outrageous and wholly unsubstantiated statement by my brother; an absolute invention which he refuses to withdraw from the Preface. I cannot publish it in its present form, with the result that he has held up the book."

What could I do?

"Might I see the Preface?" And I glanced at the parcel in his hand. "Come in; and while I am reading it, have a cup of tea."

The Colonel hesitated; but the thought of enlisting me decided him. "Oh, very well." I led the way.

At a glance it was evident that George had not his heart in the Life of his father George Henry Moore by his brother the Colonel. There was no enthusiasm in the prose. It halted. The passage about suicide seemed to me to be unexceptionable. George only hoped his father had committed it despite the evidence of death by serious apoplexy which was absolving and unequivocal.

This is what I read of the Preface by George:

> Politics drew him away from Moore Hall again. He sold his horses and went to England to compose speeches in the morning and deliver them in the House of Commons at night. But, as if determined to save him from becoming a dull parliamentarian, his tenants rose against him, declaring that they would not pay rent, and he returned to Mayo to fight the first Rent Campaign. I remember the night he went away, and how he returned from the front door to give me a sovereign. He died of a broken heart. My brother gives a letter which, I should like to believe, points to suicide, for it would please me to think of my father dying like an old Roman. His valet told me that he was quite well the day before; when he came to call him in the morning he was breathing heavily, when he called again my father was dead; and this tragic death seems the legitimate end of a brave life, and in my brother's book he appears to me as wonderful as any character invented by Balzac or Turguenev.

"There is very little in this to which you can take exception. Perhaps it is only George's way of adding something dramatic to the Life. Only the other day I was telling him about Petronius, the Arbiter of the Elegances, the man without whose approval Nero could not appear in public for fear that his toga was unseemly in its fall. George was greatly interested in my account of his suicide when he sang Limericks, 'levia carmina,' in his bath as his veins let out the life, and of how he forbore to utter trite precepts or to indulge in a vulgar display of courage. Just a bawdy song or two to make him merry. And then the breaking of his seal."

"A pagan proceding! You have instigated George!"

I hastened to reassure him. "After all 'heavy breathing' spells apoplexy to any

(*Continued on page* 15)

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The Great Naturalists

GREEN LAURELS. By Donald Culross Peattie. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE

I CRAVE to be an Appreciator instead of a Critic in regard to the present volume, for, by cross reference, O. E. D. defines the former as one who professes adequate or high estimation, sympathetic recognition of excellence. This I do most sincerely in the conception and the manner of achievement of the author's review of more than a score of great naturalists throughout a period of less than five centuries.

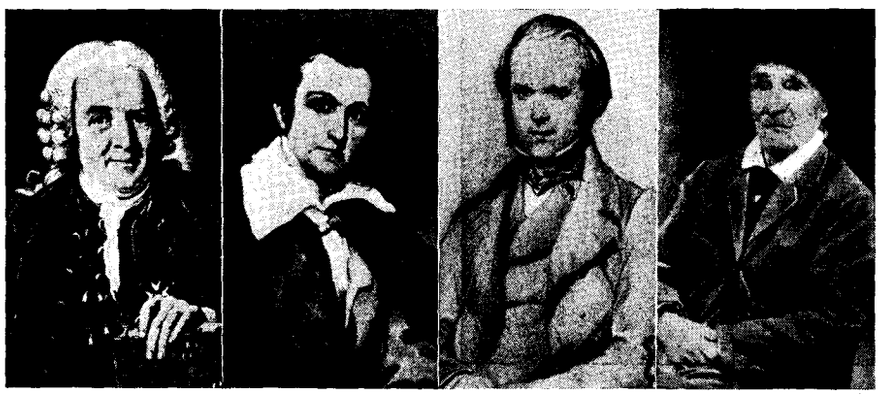
The publishers tell us that in this book "We explore the Himalayan roofs of our planet, hack our way through the jungle," etc., none of which, to my delight, I find to be true. The treatment is that of an elaborate and finished essay on the personalities of well known natural historians of the past—personalities as seen through the mind of a sympathetic and all but unbiased observer. He by no means hides behind his puppets—nor are his subjects puppets. He has read and digested thoroughly what is known about them, and has then in most excellent and smooth language given them vivid consideration. Of their travels, dangers, adventures he is almost silent, and this is a relief. We have far too much of what explorers and naturalists, worthy of the name, have already forgotten when they return. Here are easy and clear presentations of the results of the life work of these men, the growth of their theories and discoveries, and how these impinge on the minds of their friends and enemies and public. There is sufficient minor and relevant detail to round out the picture, and best of all, a clever, slow shift of scene—a continuity—which presents each character as a development of his predecessors and an adumbration of his successors.

The book is well written; the author has had the daring to scatter such words as endemicity and enisled on the same page, a worthy habit which we need all too much in these days of dictional shrinkage and sterility. These pages will be read and reread for their warmth and color of phrase.

I think Peattie's sympathetic and yet impartial delineations are to be praised most, and this in spite of the fact that he declares himself alien to some of the ways of naturalists. Only once do I find him unfairly influenced by recent theories of closet experimentalists where he says, "I sometimes wonder if Darwin did not also assume too much in supposing that female animals make any choice at all of their mates. In Victorian times one 'spoke to' a young lady, and she bestowed her hand or refused it. The possibility that outside the human species most mating is an acceptable sort of rape did not occur to his gentle mind." Nor does it to mine nor to that of many naturalists who have witnessed the details of numberless courtships in the wilderness.

The author has chosen and rejected at will, not only in regard to cross-sections of biography, but omitting what men he chose; he has prologued and epilogued almost every naturalist, and overlaid them with his own estimates and interpretations, has interjected personal places and methods of work, and yet the reading reveals none of these mechanics of production, no joints, no hiatuses. Instead there is an unbroken delightful flow, which results in an eminently satisfying visioning of the actors and the scene, whether of damp, stone classrooms of the medieval herbalists, or the dangers worse than those of any jungle threatened by the early church, alert to punish any new theory tinged with the least heretical suspicion; or the tragedy of Lamarck or the victory of Darwin. Peattie has made these men arise, pass, and live again, and English literature is the richer for his endeavor.

William Beebe has written many widely read books in the field of natural science, including "Jungle Ways" and "Edge of the Jungle"; his latest is "Half Mile Down."



LINNAEUS, AUDUBON, DARWIN, AND FABRE. *From "Green Laurels."*

OLAF STAPLEDON

The Superman and the Human Spider

ODD JOHN. By Olaf Stapledon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THE English philosopher Stapledon, whose "Last and First Men" was perhaps the boldest and most intelligently imaginative book of our times, now renews his attack, but more modestly, on the same problem, the inadequacy of the present human race. "Last and First Men" was cosmic history on an astronomical time scale, setting forth the doings of seventeen subsequent species of men; "Odd John" deals with a single superman, born into a middle-class English family of today, with some reference to a score of others of his kind whom he discovers by telepathy.

That there have occasionally been instances of mutation, amounting to the production of individuals of a new species, is probable enough; Alexander the Great seems to have been unlike other men in quality as well as in degree, and there may have been others who never emerged from obscurity. Why did they not emerge? Well, the difficulties of social and psychological adjustment encountered by "gifted children" of I. Q. 180 or so suggest what would happen to supermen of I. Q. 500 or 1000 who did not have the luck, like Alexander, to be born kings. Some of them would go insane; others would be locked up as insane by their "normal" neighbors; and others, attempting any overt action, would be crushed by the short-sighted suspicion of ordinary men, as were Stapledon's John Wainwright and his associates.

Biologically and socially, then, Stapledon's suppositions are plausible enough; but unfortunately fiction is a tool he uses awkwardly, and crudities that could be overlooked in the tremendous sweep of "Last and First Men" are all too protuberant in a story of individuals. Stu-

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dents of this very unusual writer will be interested, however, in a fresh treatment of ideas familiar in his other writings. The heart of his ethical system is the "ecstasy of acceptance"—a development of Spinoza's "intellectual love of God" into the contention that a really superior man ought to love, admire, and rejoice in the worst that happens to him, his loved ones, and his ideals, because (to adopt an archaic but exact translation of Stapledon's more cumbersome language) the glory of God is thereby made manifest. Some of us remain unable to see the cogency of this; you have to take what comes, but you need not pretend to like it.

Nobody can dissent, however, from Stapledon's view of the present situation of the so-called human race. "Homo Sapiens," observes his superman, "is a spider trying to crawl out of a basin. So long as he's on the bottom he can get along quite nicely, but as soon as he starts climbing he begins to slip." Can he develop feet that will stick to the sides of the basin? Hardly, by the slow process of natural selection; long before that happens he will have blown himself off the map. Even to a superman there is pathos in this; "Homo Sapiens was after all a noble and even lovable beast, and its very repulsiveness lay in its being something more than beast, though not enough more."

Not enough more — there lies the trouble. Churchmen and scientists at last seem agreed that we must be born again if we would enter into the kingdom of God; but the Church's formula of regeneration, on trial for almost two thousand years, has not yet been sufficiently effective, and science has no recipe for mass mutation. It looks as if we must wait, as suggested in "Last and First Men," for the slow process of natural selection; and it may be hoped that Stapledon was a little too pessimistic when he suggested that that would entail a new Dark Age lasting thirty million years.

Waiting for War

THE EARTH TREMBLES (MEN OF GOOD WILL: Vol. V). By Jules Romains. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THE ninth and tenth volumes of the French edition of "Men of Good Will," entitled "Flood Warning" and "The Powers That Be," appear together in this excellent translation as the fifth volume of the American edition. They carry the design of Jules Romains through the autumn of 1910 and into the following summer. Minor characters are less in the way of the main theme, now gradually centering on the danger of war. Gurau, the radical whose dreams of revolution have developed into definite political ambitions, enters Monis's cabinet as Minister for Public Works, and, later, Caillaux's cabinet in charge of Foreign Affairs. Betrayed by his colleagues at the time of the Agadir incident, he remains in the cabinet "for the sake of France and of peace." Two students, Jallez and Jerphanion, continue their friendship of day dreams and talks. With their friend, Clanricard, they furnish the author with chances for the more esthetic and philsophical considerations of the "time of waiting."

JULES ROMAINS

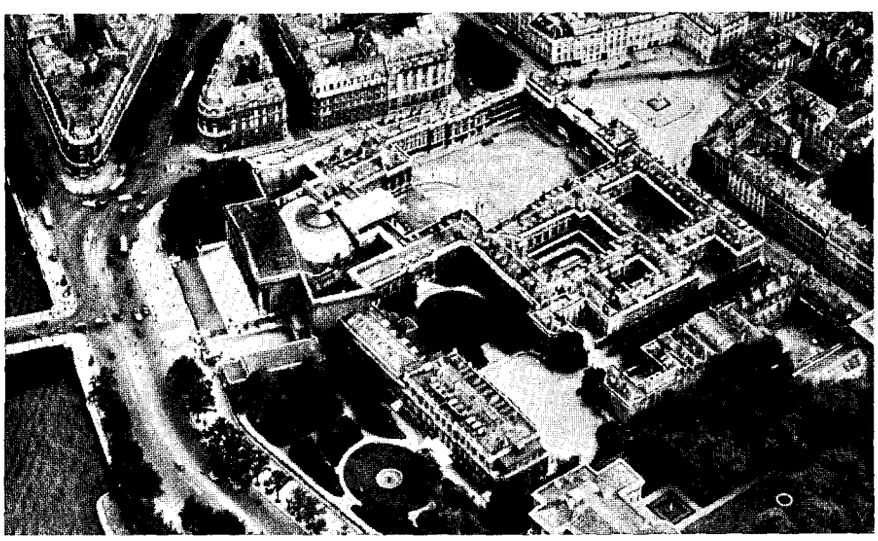
In spite of the grandiose plan of the work, the serious effort to recreate a period of history, and the great events that punctuate the leisurely course of Romains's volumes, it is the characters not in public life that retain the most interest. One ceases to care what concern the Comte de Champcenais has with munitions stocks, in our laughter over his sentimental, fatuous lovemaking. While at the intellectual level, it must be admitted, some of the characters are dull, at the animal level these return to human semblance, are at least French. The Abbé Mionnet, surveying his naked, stalwart form in his mirror, feels himself wholly a man, until his tonsure begins pricking his conscience. It is symbolic.

The parallel lives of the various groups seem destined to meet only at infinity. For ten volumes Gurau and Jerphanion have pursued their devious ways about Paris, and we no longer care whether their paths, like the bicycles and motors Romains is fond of using as symbols, ever come to criss-cross. This interest fades as the tale proceeds in its deliberate course. Meantime the political analyses, the historical characters such as Briand, the intriguers of central Europe, the various socialist groups, become more interesting; and the reader comes to realize that Romains is creating a new type of social novel, much closer to history and sociology than its predecessors. It is good, solid, thought-provoking reading, and holds the same type of attention as a daily paper or a news film. Perhaps, as the slow reel rolls on, France will emerge as central character. At present, one can only talk of "Men of Good Will" like a visitor in a studio, watching the artist still at work, and wondering whether he has the power to carry on.

Devices of action tend to be repeated. The frequent letters are better reading than the dialogues. The walks about Paris are less unified. They describe, not Paris, but states of mind.

At times, more or less faintly, one discerns the theme of man's essential loneliness in the midst of crowds; of one's own mind as the only true companion. Jallez tells his friend Jerphanion in their mountain hut, "It's enough just to feel that we're together." This is the only comfort the world provides. Classes, nations, races, drift apart, or meet only in senseless conflict; somewhere the leader, the revolutionary principle, the ideal, are gendering, that shall teach men how to feel no longer alone. At heart, Romains is a romantic.

Henry Noble MacCracken is president of Vassar College.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—CENTER OF ACTION IN "THE EARTH TREMBLES." *Air view from "L'Illustration."*

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Where To? What Next?

BY CARL SANDBURG

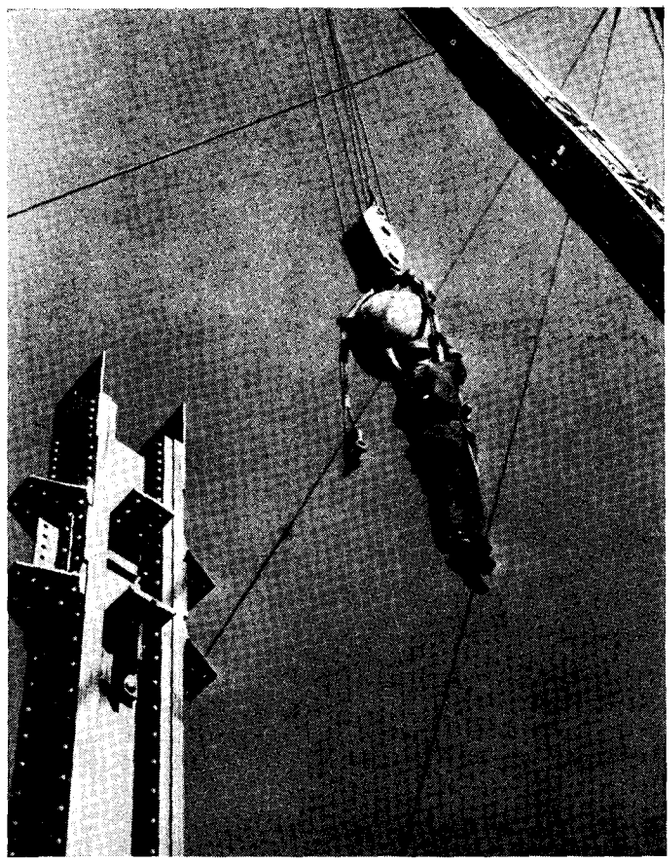
IN oak and walnut those old carpenters
hoisted and wrought.
Sunup till sundown they hoisted and wrought
in oak and walnut.
Wood had a meaning and wood spoke to the feel
of the fingers.
The hammer handles and the handwrought nails
somehow had blessings.
And they are gone now? their blood is no longer
alive and speaking?
They no longer come through telling of the hands
of man having craft?
Let their beds and staircases, chairs and gables
now lingering testify:
The strong workman whose blood goes into his work
no more dies than the people die.

LINCOLN?
He was a mystery in smoke and flags
saying yes to the smoke, yes to the flags,
yes to the paradoxes of democracy,
yes to the hopes of government
of the people by the people for the people,
no to debauchery of the public mind,
no to personal malice nursed and fed,
yes to the Constitution when a help,
no to the Constitution when a hindrance,
yes to man as a struggler amid illusions,
each man fated to answer for himself:
Which of the faiths and illusions of mankind
must I choose for my own sustaining light
to bring me beyond the present wilderness?

"If we could first know where we are,
and whither we are tending,
we could better judge
what to do, and how to do it."

BETWEEN the finite limitations of the five senses
and the endless yearnings of man for the beyond
the people hold to the humdrum bidding of work
and food
while reaching out when it comes their way
for lights beyond the prison of the five senses,
for keepsakes lasting beyond any hunger or death.

The people know the salt of the sea
and the strength of the winds
lashing the corners of the earth.
The people take the earth
as a tomb of rest and a cradle of hope.
Who else speaks for the Family of Man?
They are in tune and step
with constellations of universal law.



"THE STEEL MILL SKY IS ALIVE"
"Nerve and Steel," photo by Wendell Macrae, from "U. S. Camera, 1935" (Morrow).

The people is a polychrome,
a spectrum and a prism
held in a moving monolith,
a console organ of changing themes,
a clavilux of color poems
wherein the sea offers fog
and the fog moves off in rain
and the labrador sunset shortens
to a nocturn of clear stars
serene over the shot spray
of northern lights.

The steel mill sky is alive.
The fire breaks white and zigzag
shot on a gun-metal gloaming.
Man is a long time coming.
Man will yet win.
Brother may yet line up with brother:

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.
The fireborn are at home in fire.
The stars make no noise.
You can't hinder the wind from blowing.
Time is a great teacher.
Who can live without hope?

In the darkness with a great bundle of grief
the people march.
In the night and overhead a bag of stars for
keeps the people march:
"Where to? what next?"

The foregoing selections are taken from a long poem by Mr. Sandburg entitled "The People, Yes," to be published by Harcourt, Brace in August.

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Prospero in 1936

WE are really proud of ourselves. Exactly fifteen years ago a book was printed made up of editorials from our predecessor *The Literary Review*, and in that book appeared, among others, one of our editorials entitled "Prospero and the 'Pictures.'" In it we said:

> Yet we believe the producer of "pictures" might be a veritable Prospero at enchanting many Ferdinands, figured as his audience. Certainly there is an Ariel in his service at the wave of whose wand any optical illusion is possible, from the djinn of the Arabian Nights taking substance from the spiralling smoke of the fisherman's jar to the comic possibilities of such a masterpiece of short fiction as H. G. Wells's "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," where a greatly imaginative—and profoundly human—fantasy could be set forth with delightful actuality.

Lo and behold, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" is on the screen and in book form, transformed to a picture-script by Wells himself. So is his "Things to Come," so was his "The Invisible Man" and "The Island of Dr. Moreau"; so will be, we venture to hope, "The Time Machine" and "When the Sleeper Wakes," or else "The Food of the Gods" and "The War of the Worlds." And—leaving fantasy for an instant—why hasn't so gorgeous a comedy as "The History of Mr. Polly" —or, indeed, its Cockney forerunner, "Kipps," ever been taken rude advantage of by the barons of Hollywood?

We mentioned other writers in that article who would and should be shown in talking-picture fantasy. The talking pictures have a long way to go in the realm of the fantastic, because, as yet, they have been as timid as rabbits about undertaking it. It is their real medium. The day will come when, so adept will they be, a film like "King Kong" will seem, by comparison, unbearably crude and childish.

Recently there has been an autobiography by F. Anstey Guthrie, and fifteen years ago or more we suggested that his "The Tinted Venus," "Vice-Versa," or "The Brass Bottle" be put on the screen. As fantastic comedies, with that mixture of everyday life and incredibility that Wells's "Man Who Could Work Miracles" possesses, they are priceless. So far nothing has been done about them—but since our prophetic advice about Wells has borne such fruit, we still have hopes.

When we think of how we were sold on a film we thought was about Poe's "Raven," we hesitate to suggest Poe again. The raven came into the film (as we remember, it was stuffed), but the goulash about the mad doctor was nothing out of Poe. Some day "The Fall of the House of Usher" (possibly already a French film,) or "The Masque of the Red Death" will be put upon the screen with fitting majesty. There is as yet no Grand Guignol of the silversheet, though Radio specializes in telling blood-curdling yarns to the tiny tots about bedtime; but we have no doubt that such an enterprise will eventuate in the future. Then we will have "The Pit and the Pendulum," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" done to the Queen's taste.

We are just coining money for the movies hand over fist this afternoon, but we feel philanthropic! So we throw in gratis another suggestion. There are certain well-known poems in English literature that possess a weird and fantastic content which would make them a good deal more exciting to a screen audience than any account (in kinemacolor) of how Stephen Collins Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home," or Mozart as a child played the piano in the attic. First among these is, of course, Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner," which, with expert photography and thorough attention to details, could be made one of the best "thriller" pictures of all time. Poe's "The Bells," if treated with real imagination and the remarkable photographic facilities the pictures possess, could pull the reader right up out of his seat. So could "The Dream of Eugene Aram"—and if they got John Vassos to assist them in filming "The Hound of Heaven," they would have one of the great religious pictures of the century.

Of course one story that looks like an obvious best bet — and concerning a movie-version of which I seem to remember something vaguely whispered in my ear—is James Stephens's "The Crock of Gold." The danger here is that that enchanting work is altogether too subtle for the master-minds of Hollywood. I'm even afraid of recommending Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows," though when you think what marvels the real Hollywood creators, namely the camera-men, can make of many and various "shots," one would willingly trust "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn" in their hands, were it not for producers, supervisors, and such.

What a grand medium "The Talkies" is, to be sure, and what a pitifully small percentage of really good pictures in all these years both it and the former Movies have produced. It has its own ballyhooers who don't know an ace from a hole in the ground, it has voices like that of the gushing Luella Parsons (who covers the sassiety end!), it has occasional unhampered and valuable critics, it has a great many gentlemen in bonds who used to possess a high I. Q., *viz:* various authors; and once in a while, by the grace of God and because a good director by accident was permitted a little leeway, you do get a picture like "The Informer," or "The Thin Man," or "Mutiny on The Bounty," or some others. But—after all—this editorial was written, not to dwell upon the sins of the talking pictures, but to point out that today they are beginning to take notice of what we told them all fifteen years ago. Therefore—as is natural—we feel much more mellow toward them. We won't scold any more. We'll sit back now and see if we have to wait another fifteen years!

Note for a Suggested Novel It is well known to some that whatever man thinks or does is conditioned by his environment. He is economic man, or Catholic man, or sex-repressed man, according to the viewpoint, and 100% that and nothing else that really matters. Hence, to carry out the system, he must be, with equal validity in the eyes of those who believe that the pressure of physical geography determines the temperament, he must be weather man. Our novel takes its time, as is fashionable just now, in hops, skips, and jumps. Our hero appears only in hot waves and cold spells. He presents the ancient antinomy of glaciers and tropics in a community organized for living in a temperate zone. In other words he is an American living in the characteristic areas of the experience which (next to the frontier) has most determined the difference between American and European life—the weather. But finish the story yourself.

Ten Years Ago

Two books by Archibald MacLeish, "Nobodaddy" and "The Pot of Earth," were reviewed by Vincent Benét in The Saturday Review of July 17th, 1926. Mr. Benét wrote: "*With these two books Mr. MacLeish assures himself a definite and individual position in modern American poetry. His verbal facility has always been noteworthy and the tough, defiant substance of his thought both independent and bold, but 'The Pot of Earth,' in particular, displays more conscious and adept mastery over form and an ability for sustained flight which give promise of highly distinguished and original achievement for the future.*"

Twenty new poems by Mr. MacLeish have just been published under the title "Public Speech."

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Letters to the Editor: *Censorship and the Bad Book Bill*

The Bad Book Bill

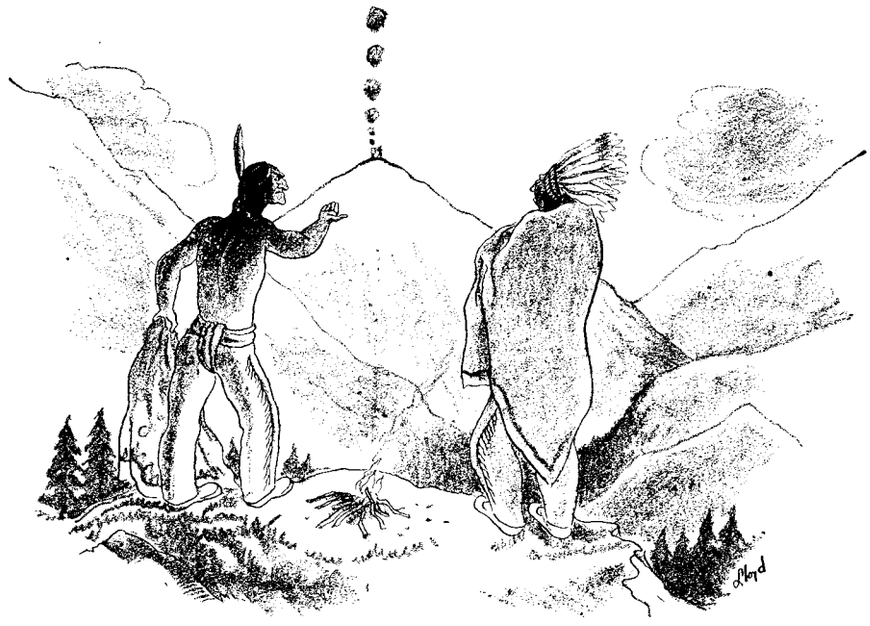
SIR:—In your June 27, 1936, issue, Mr. Harold S. Davis of Boston commented on Mr. Morley's discussion (January 4, 1936) of the proceedings taken against the Gotham Book Mart in New York City at the instigation of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. At the same time, Mr. Davis undertook to express his views concerning the so-called Bad Book Bill, and to suggest a possible solution to the problem of obscenity as it affects publishers and booksellers. I disagree with Mr. Davis on several counts; and since I have been associated with Morris L. Ernst in the defense of practically every important censorship case during the last ten years, my reactions to Mr. Davis's argument may not be beside the point.

The injustice of the obscenity law with respect to the bookseller has for some time been recognized. Quite obviously he cannot read every book that he places on his shelves; and yet the law as it presently stands treats him on a basis of parity with the wilful fabricator and distributor of questionable material. It makes him responsible for the contents of any book which he may have taken in stock or sold without the slightest suspicion as to its illegal nature.

The Bad Book Bill was originally designed to remedy this condition. It placed the primary responsibility for selling obscene publications, not upon the retailer, but upon the publisher or the distributor. It provided a rational procedure in the prosecution of alleged pornography. Upon being accused of selling a salacious book, a bookseller was permitted to show that he had no knowledge of any previous court decision holding the book obscene and that he himself was not the publisher. If he then furnished an affidavit disclosing his source of supply, together with an undertaking to assure his appearance in court as a witness, he could be absolved of criminal liability, and the prosecution could be launched against the responsible parties. The underlying purpose of the bill was to protect the innocent bookseller, to fix criminal responsibility on the real offender, and to stem the flow of pornography at the source.

The Bad Book Bill was no novelty in the field of law. There was legislative precedent for it in the New York Code of Criminal Procedure. The Code provides that a jeweler who innocently sells a falsely stamped article of gold or silver may escape the penalty of the law by bringing in and testifying against the person who made the article. This section has been in the Code since 1909 and has always operated salutarily. The Bad Book Bill expressed the same essential philosophy.

The Bad Book Bill has gone down to defeat for a number of years in the New York State Legislature. One of its active foes has been the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. When the Society goes after a book, it wants a victory in the form of a prompt conviction. It is not interested in a long court fight wherein the legality of a publication may be fully and fairly tested out. (Witness its acid comments on the outcome of the *Ulysses* case.) That is why the Society has repeatedly proceeded against small booksellers instead of large distributors or publishers. The small bookseller is all too ready to plead guilty on the promise of a suspended sentence; a large distributor or a publisher is apt to furnish much tougher opposition.



"HE WANTS TO BORROW YOUR COPY OF 'SPARKENBROKE.'"

The Bad Book Bill, if enacted, would not—as has been repeatedly urged—have provided an easy loop-hole for the corrupt bookseller; it would have afforded a decent opportunity for the honest dealer to bring into court the people whose product got him in trouble. For it must be borne in mind that nothing in the present law requires the authorities to bring the publisher into court or even to make any effort to find him.

I have taken the trouble to thus explain the Bad Book Bill at length because I believe that it is inherently a beneficial piece of legislation and because there has been strenuous and, I think, misguided opposition to it in unexpected quarters.

Mr. Davis finds no merit in it. He borrows Mr. Morley's analogy of a can of mushroom soup, corrects Mr. Morley on the law of soups, and points out that if a customer is made ill by the contents of a can sold to him by a retail grocer, he may sue and recover from the grocer even though the grocer had no way of knowing that the soup was deleterious. For all its apparent persuasiveness, the analogy will not stand close scrutiny. For one thing, foodstuffs have always been in a class by themselves; their inspection and supervision has always been deemed to be within the scope of governmental supervision. Not so with books. To be sure, we have a Food and Drug Act and a Food and Drug Administration; fortunately, we have no equivalent statute for books.

The analogy is false because it relates to two fundamentally different things. Whether a can of soup is edible or decomposed is a question on which neither laymen nor experts are likely to differ; whereas no one can say with any degree of certainty whether or not a publication is unlawful until a court of last resort has spoken the apocalyptic word. The mushroom soup liability of the grocer is predicated upon two theories: first, that he is at liberty to take the can down from his shelves, open it and ascertain its quality before selling it (an absurd argument); and second, the grocer may safeguard himself by dealing only with reliable manufacturers and wholesalers.

These theories, even when applied to the grocer, are tenuous enough. They disappear into thin air when they are applied to books. Even if a bookseller could physically read every book on his shelves, and even if he read every law-case ever decided on the subject, he could not determine whether or not a certain book violated the law. The criteria of the crime are much too vague and uncertain, and depend upon too many variable factors. Nor can the bookseller protect himself by dealing only with responsible publishers. The publication of a reputable house (witness "Jurgen," "Casanova's Homecoming," "Married Love," and "Ulysses") is just as likely to arouse the righteous disapproval of the Vice Society or authorities as the publication of a lesser-known firm. Nor is the reputation of the author a hall-mark of immunity, as James Branch Cabell, Theodore Dreiser, Dr. Marie Stopes, and James Joyce can testify. And D. H. Lawrence and Dr. Arthur Schnitzler, both of whom were

(*Continued on page* 19)

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Proposed Roads to Peace

PEACE OR WAR. The American Struggle, 1636-1936. By Merle Curti. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

OPINION regarding the merits of the story which Professor Curti tells is likely to be colored a good deal by the reader's prejudices or convictions. To the reader who thinks that permanent international peace is unattainable, the record of the American peace movement which is here set down will doubtless seem to have been little more than one of wasted effort, with failure as its inevitable result. On the other hand, those who, in spite of disappointments and failures, still feel that the idea is sound will probably be disposed to emphasize the successes, temporary or partial though they admittedly are, and take courage from the reflection that the battle is being vigorously pressed even if victory is still far from assured. The peace movement, if it stirs more than casual interest, appears to be one in which neutrality is difficult.

Of the value of Professor Curti's book as a historical survey there can be no question. He has dug deeply and widely in American history from the Pequot War to the present year, examining in detail the work of peace advocates long since forgotten and the contributions of others prominent in the public eye, and recounting the activities of almost innumerable organizations which have made peace their aim. In successive chapters he traces the work of the pioneers of the movement from 1636 to 1860, the test afforded by the Civil War, the renewal of the struggle in the twenty years following 1865, the transformations which the movement underwent between 1870 and 1900, the resources, personnel, and methods of the "propaganda and pressure" period from 1870 to 1898, the imperialist controversy and the development of international organizations from 1898 to the eve of the World War, the "hard sledding" of the movement while the great war was on, and the revival and new issues of the succeeding years.

Looking at the anti-war movement as a whole, Professor Curti believes that, in spite of fundamental weakness and ineffectiveness, it has nevertheless "contributed to the development of peace consciousness," won from government an acceptance of some planks in the pacifist program, checked at times the growth of militarism and navalism, emphasized the need of mass propaganda and pressure politics, and turned the attention of some leaders more closely to the economic causes of war. In its large objective of abolishing war, however, it has conspicuously failed. The failure is attributed by Professor Curti in large part to internal dissensions and duplicated effort, lack of sufficient recognition of the lure of war for great numbers of people and of the functional influence of war in a capitalist system, and the predominance of middle-class interests where the support of labor should also have been sought. In one devastating sentence he sums up the situation present and past: "Pacifists have sincerely and ardently desired peace; but they have in general desired the benefits of the existing order to an even greater degree." In the course of time, he thinks, the existing order with its inducements to war may be modified. The problem is to achieve the change "peacefully and without sowing new seeds of conflict."

World Peaceways

WORLD PEACEWAYS' ANTI-WAR RACKET CAMPAIGN

At left, Mrs. Estelle Sternberger, Executive Director, with Rosamond Pinchot, Chairman of the Anti-War Racket Committee; right, Mrs. Theresa M. Durlach, President of World Peaceways.

CAN WE STAY OUT OF WAR? By Phillips Bradley. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLEN W. DULLES

IT is hard to keep up with the times. Mr. Phillips Bradley's book, if written two years ago, would have been a novelty. Today it leaves the impression of going over well-trodden ground. But there is much in it that is useful, and he has marshalled interesting facts and figures on America's position as a neutral, particularly in his chapter on "Our National Interest."

Like most of those who have studied the neutrality question, Mr. Bradley has come to the conclusion that our neutrality laws should be revamped, and he outlines a program which does not radically differ from that which was proposed by the Administration and in part enacted into law by Congress. He would go along with those who favor something in the nature of the Pittman Neutrality Bill, that is, he would restrict through a license system, our war-time trade over and above trade in arms and ammunition. This he calls "a fair neutrality."

Adjectives applied to neutrality are not persuasive. A neutrality which limits our trade can be well justified if it serves to keep us out of war without wrecking our internal economy. But whether it is "a fair neutrality" as far as the belligerents are concerned is quite another question. Our neutrality policy during 1914-1917 may be said to have favored Great Britain because of her control of the seas. In the same way a policy which cut off our trade in any future war would tend to neutralize the advantages inherent in a belligerent's control of the seas and to that extent, at least, be partial to the blockaded power. Thus if we should have a war which resembled the World War, restrictions on American trade would tend to favor a blockaded Germany as against an England which controlled the seas.

Mr. Bradley is careful not to set up his ideas of a neutrality policy as a cure-all for the war danger. He rightly believes that it should be supplemented by a policy which would permit the United States to coöperate for the maintenance of peace or to help to restore the peace if war should break out. Despite the claims of the isolationists there is certainly adequate precedent and adequate self-interest to justify such an American policy.

He concludes his book with an interesting suggestion with regard to inter-neutral coöperation and the organization of a league of neutrals: "In the eventuality of war it is imperative that the United States organize and support a League

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A scene from Irwin Shaw's anti-war play, "Bury the Dead."

of Neutrals ready to enforce respect for the limited but untrammeled rights of inter-neutral trade" within certain limits which he suggests. This idea is undoubtedly workable in the case of any war where another great sea power would effectively coöperate with us in the defense of certain neutral rights of trade. In the World War, however, such a policy would have forced the United States to become the spearhead of the defense not only of its own neutral rights but of the neutral rights of a group of other neutrals who would be of little effective help if it came to a showdown for the enforcement of these rights. Is it in our interests to assume this added responsibility? The history of the last war shows that the smaller neutrals for the most part kept out of war by subordinating their insistence on neutral rights to the exigencies of their more or less defenseless position.

There is one general phase of the subject which Mr. Bradley's book, and most other books on neutrality, fail to discuss adequately. In our emphasis on the economic causes of war we are likely to underestimate the psychological and sentimental causes. Nations go to war when their people become aroused, and the ease with which this can happen is astounding. Incidents affecting human life rather than trade losses create the popular sentiment which is likely to lead to war. The virtue of the recent neutrality legislation and of the "trade at your own risk" policy of the President, lies not so much in its control over our war-time trade as in the possibility that it may temper popular reaction over incidents affecting the lives of American citizens. The American people like to think that they are different from others and more immune to the war fever. History does not bear this out, and it is probably futile to hope that the people of the United States in the future, any more than in the past, will be a restraining influence upon the government when it comes to deciding the question of war or peace.

Allen W. Dulles is co-author with Hamilton Fish Armstrong of "Can We Be Neutral?"

Jante is Everywhere

A FUGITIVE CROSSES HIS TRACKS. By Aksel Sandemose. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CORA JARRETT

IN "Evelyn Innes," George Moore wrote characteristically: "It is doubtful if anyone can see his own rocking-horse without experiencing a desire to mount." No man really forgets his childhood. And now a Norwegian novelist, Aksel Sandemose, temperamentally the very opposite of George Moore, raises his somber tortured voice to remind us once again of this.

"A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks" is a painful and powerful book. It is a pseudo-autobiography carrying the stamp of personal experience on many of its pages, a tragedy deeply fraught with social implications, a novel without a plot. The opening paragraph tells us that the narrator has killed a man. We soon learn that he feels his victim to have been killed not truly by the hand that lifted the knife, but by the whole weight of the past that brought the knife down. The rest of the book is a panorama of that past. It is seen as by flashes of lightning, discontinuously, and accompanied by merciless running comment on the individual and social consequences of such a life as Espen Arnakke was born into, and forced to lead.

Two thirds of his material, making up the scattered narrative, the author handles magnificently. You feel: "It is thus, and not otherwise, that such things should be told." His black picture of browbeaten childhood and youth in the terrible little town of Jante devastates and convinces you. Revelation is made in broken bits: sharp little disconnected vignettes from a bewildered adolescence. You fairly taste the writer's hatred of cruelty and bigotry and sex fear and injustice. Clearly these are the rankling poisons of his own memory. His moral system cannot throw them off, it runs a sort of septic temperature; and the breaks and jerks of the story fall into its disordered rhythm.

AKSEL SANDEMOSE

Only when he applies his method to the outline of a gospel of salvation, does it break down. It breaks down not in power and poignancy, but in getting a result proportionate to them; in final effectiveness. The disconnection that sharpens and vivifies his blistering spurts of narrative does just the reverse for a course of reasoning. The final effect is a blur. These excursions into the psychological No Man's Land of our buried selves might have been a thrilling contribution to the cause of a better social order. They are fascinating, they are moving. But they fail to do for the book what the author intended them to do.

Even so, the basic theme is never obscured. Espen's own theory of the murder—perhaps of all murders in hot blood, the world over—is simple. He found himself, with a dagger in his hand, face to face with something that gathered into itself (as he says) all the rays of his childhood as a spectrum. He had to kill it. He goes on: "We have the strength to strike only when we find ourselves confronted with the sum total of our defeats compressed into a single target." In substance, his story warns us to take care of what is happening to plastic human souls in the nurseries and playgrounds and schools, and by the firesides, of 1936. There and now is being set our world-pattern for the coming fifty years. For, as Aksel Sandemose tells us, "Jante is everywhere."

Cora Jarrett is the author of "Death Over Fitch's Pond," and of the more recent psychological story of the supernatural, "Strange Houses."

The Travel Diary of an Inquiring Reporter

TWO WORLDS. By Lester Cohen. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. $3.50.

THIS is the travel diary of a long, leisurely jaunt that carried Lester and Eden Cohen from Paris, through points in Russia, Greece, Egypt, Jerusalem, India, and China, to Tokio. It is brilliantly written, as we expect of the author of "Sweepings" and "Aaron Traum," always alive and intelligent, altogether a much better book than it had any right to be. Better in this sense, that the method of its composition is one that would certainly, in less talented hands, have produced just one more innocuous travel book. Mr. Cohen's method is that of the inquiring reporter. He sought out the men in the street, questioned them, drew them out, and tried to assemble the impressions thus gathered into an integrate picture, of Egypt or India or Paris as the case might be.

Of course Mr. Cohen is no ordinary tourist, and his questions were at once better chosen and more provocative of better answers than most would have been. But even at its best this kind of reporting cannot be authoritative. The Cohens never stayed in one country long enough to study it carefully.

When he is lucky and has good contacts, as he had in Moscow, he does get a thorough and penetrating picture of the life of a country. That is why the section on Soviet Russia is the largest and most valuable in the book. For the rest, the genuine carrying over to us of foreign atmospheres and the feel of racial temperaments, is the book's best quality.

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Tennis as a Career

BEYOND THE GAME. By Helen Hull Jacobs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1936. $2.50.

KINGS OF THE COURT. By E. C. Potter, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN R. TUNIS

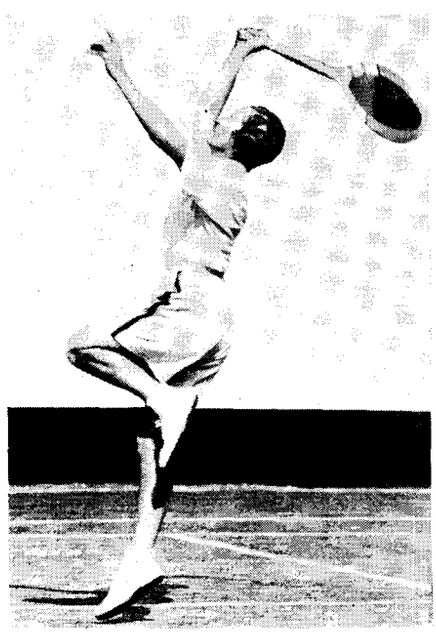
LUTHER BURBANK. Olivia, Countess Cairns. Jay Gould. Diana Rhys. General Pershing. Princess Helena Victoria. Stewart Edward White. General Sir Archibald Montgomery Massingberd, K. C. B. C. M. G. D. S. O., Chief of the Imperial Staff. Viscount D'Abernon. Chris Morley. His Excellency the Honorable Robert Worth Bingham, Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Hunting with the Quorn—or was it the Cottesmore? Boys (and girls), this is certainly the stuff to feed the troops. You writers—I mean you tennis champions—do meet such interesting people.

It would be easy to be flip about this book of the courageous young lady who has just achieved her heart's desire by adding the Wimbledon singles title to her crown, but it would be most unfair. So I shall try to be serious. First of all, what is this? Distinctly it isn't a volume on how to play the game. That subject was treated by the champion in "Modern Tennis" published in 1933. Herein are her reminiscences, written as she wittily remarks because two or three longish articles purporting to be the story of her life had appeared, and she felt that if anyone wrote her history she ought to be the one to do it. That makes sense. Let me say at once that I read this book with attention and was immensely interested by it.

Miss Jacobs describes her childhood in San Francisco, discusses briefly her important matches since 1925, mentions the many countries she has visited and the persons of fame she has met. My feeling is that she writes better as she gets older, that this is a better book in every way than her first, and that whereas I may be—as she probably thinks—wrong in my contention that she is not so good a tennis player as her chief rival, she certainly ranks ahead of Mrs. Moody in the realms of literature. I regret that her infernal modesty, reticence, call it what you like, prevented her from giving the average reader any idea of the courage of the stout hearted girl who now holds the two major singles titles for women.

Would you care to know what a tennis champion is like? This is your book. Miss Jacobs shows us the usual adolescent American mass education mind. She thinks that the Wightman Cup matches do good in cementing relations between this country and England; she wishes our government authorities would attend our championships as the Royal Family does in England, and the Premier in France; she looks on tennis as a "career"; considers Kipling's "If" a great poem; describes her victory over Mrs. Moody with far more modesty and circumspection than insight; believes the press "has threatened to lessen respect for amateur tennis by inquiring into and criticizing the sources of the amateur player's livelihood"; and regards the game as offering great opportunities for self-advancement and that it will always do so "unless stripped of its opportunities by the envious and the falsely self-righteous."

To what do these envious and self-righteous object? Miss Jacobs? No. Lawn tennis? No. The amateur associations? No. They object to the pretense and humbuggery of the situation, the habit of calling black white. They cry, in vain, for a little common sense. That's all.



HELEN JACOBS

The point I am trying to get over is that no one cares how much money Miss Jacobs makes out of tennis, or I make out of tennis, or anyone does, if they do it openly. But the champions who go round the world — this year Miss Jacobs has played in England, Austria, Egypt, and the United States at someone's expense—are simply not amateur sportsmen. The idea that Fred Perry who is employed by a sporting goods house in Australia and plays tennis seven months of the year in London and Paris and New York is an amateur, is laughable. What we envious and self-righteous folksies gag at is the custom of calling people who exist on, in, and around a sport, a game, a pastime: *amateurs.*

Miss Jacobs complains that very few amateur champions make much money. We want them to make more money, rather than less. We wish to enlarge the opportunities for champions, not circumscribe them. We only ask that those who profit shall be called professionals, honestly, openly. Let them play with the amateurs, let them wallop the amateurs—as they surely would—let them make a million a year from books, movies, newsreels, endorsements, anything and everything. But for God's sake a little logic. Is that too much to ask?

Mr. Potter's contribution to the subject in "Kings of the Court"—certainly he is the first to bring it to the attention of the general public—is the fact that modern tennis was born in an atmosphere of itching fingers. Major Wingfield, the Englishman who invented the game, did so not for sporting but purely commercial reasons. "He was simply an egoist who took advantage of the craze for outdoor sports which was sweeping England in the early seventies to make some easy money." According to Mr. Potter he applied for a patent, commissioned an agent to manufacture sets, and sold them with some slight success. Apparently therefore the idea of making money out of lawn tennis is as old as the game itself!

Mr. Potter does not say so, but I judge he believes in Open Tournaments such as are held in golf, with amateurs and professionals competing. This is what I make of his last paragraph, which sounds sensible. "Tennis is big enough and broad enough for the true amateur and the true professional. No game can live if it flaunts the one and flouts the other. The future of tennis lies in a frank acknowledgment of this fact. Some day the officials of the amateur associations will abandon their ill-conceived attitude. They will admit that the true amateur and the true professional can walk hand in hand together." With this I entirely agree.

I read "Kings of the Court" carefully and with interest. It is hardly an inspired book, but a sound and workmanlike history of the game we call lawn tennis and its champions from the start to the present day. Those interested in the sport who are looking for a conscientious and painstaking reference book will find it here, and nothing omitted. The 240 pages must represent a colossal amount of research by the author. To my surprise, Mr. Potter is at his best describing the early days of the sport, its start, and the stars of 1880-90. He succeeds in making Lawford, the Renshaws, Hadow, and Gore live; no small feat. If he is less successful toward the end it is probably because one tires reading about a long series of matches, and also because the game has spread so that after the war he has too much ground to cover.

John R. Tunis is the author of "$port$: Heresies and Hysterics."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Knothole, July 9

I HAVE no idea how hot it is in the city, but today's amusement here has been watching the thermometer. It went to 116° when placed on the sun-dial at full meridian, has been 96° all afternoon under the trees in the garden. Even the dogs realize it's warm and have been mercifully mute.

The ideal reading for hot weather is Max Beerbohm. If I were the French Line I'd get out a little reprint of his *On Speaking French* and sell it to the passengers in the *Normandie*. You'll find it in the volume "And Even Now." In the same book is his essay on Laughter.—The three Bon Voyage readings we have always hankered to put in steamer baskets are Beerbohm's *And Even Now*, Santayana's *Soliloquies in England*, and Nevinson's *Farewell to America*.

But, for reasons of my own, I found myself on this hot day rereading here and there in Shakespeare. As usual, I came upon all sorts of appropriate excitement. I wondered again, as I have before, why no radio company has ever used as a motto the lines of Glendower:—

"Those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence."

(1st Henry IV, III, 1, 226)

That reminded me of Walt Whitman's line in the 1855 Preface, which I always hanker to see at the head of a newspaper radio timetable:—

"The broadcast doings of the day and night."

Of course we can go much further back and find (in the *Aeneid*, Book VI, 847) the great passage I hoped might be used as a motto for Radio City:—

Orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent.

If you allow yourself to ramble at large in Shakespeare there's no knowing what you'll come upon. Thinking about the sun-dial made me think of marigolds, because there used to be some clumps of that flower near it. And hunting up Shakespeare on the subject of marigolds, I note that he says they are the flowers to give to middle-aged men (because they blossom in middle summer.) This, unexpectedly, in the *Winter's Tale*. Of course sun dials send one to Hazlitt, who wrote so pleasant an essay; he says the thing to plant near them is sun-flowers; which I never thought of. (My own sun-dial, because I pointed the gnomon to magnetic North instead of True North, is just an hour wrong: but it marks perfect Daylight Saving Time.)

Shakespeare comes into that again. This sun-dial is my only remaining relic of the Hoboken production of *After Dark;* it stood in the garden of what was supposed to be "The Lilacs, Montclair," and the hero rested his tall hat on it in a romantic scene. Well, *After Dark* had a subtitle, "Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow," which I tagged onto it and thought I had invented it myself. Years afterward, rummaging in *Measure for Measure* (V. 1, 173) I found that Shakespeare had used the phrase *Neither maid, widow, nor wife*. Skelton also, in the enormously amusing *Philip Sparrow*.

"DOCTOR PENGUIN"
Photo by Peter A. Juley

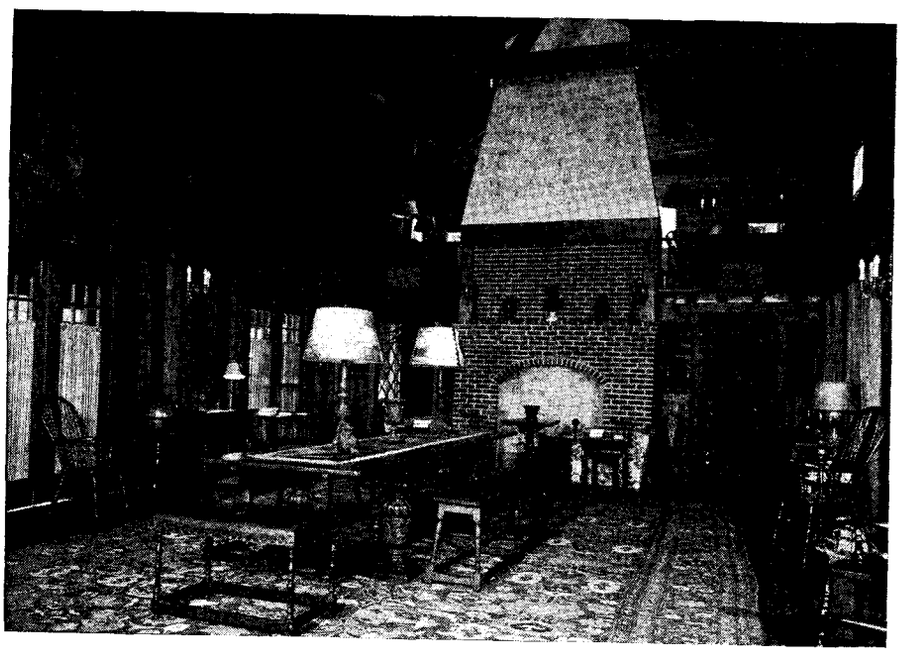
Thinking about warm weather, there is that remark of Falstaff's hoping it won't be a hot day when the armies come together; because, he says, he's only taking two shirts with him.—And the immortal line in the greatest of all tavern scenes: Doll Tearsheet, when she wipes his face and says: "Poor ape, how thou sweatest."

In *The Taming of the Shrew* I observed that the name of Petruchio's spaniel was Troilus (in Act IV, Scene 1, the scene where I once found a pun very useful in an emergency) and this sent me to the play *Troilus and Cressida* where I noticed a jape I had never spotted before. It can't be just an accident. Ulysses makes his speech (Act IV, Scene 5) about Cressida the wanton. Everyone knows the passage, beginning

"Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body." . . .

And so on; concluding with his description of the Trojan heroine as one of the "daughters of the game." He's interrupted by a trumpet call within, and all the Greek warriors cry out "The Trojans' trumpet!" Surely, surely, this was meant to be also heard by the audience as "The Trojan strumpet!" and a sure-fire laugh.

Another of my happinesses was to discover that Jack Cade (2nd Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 2) said exactly the same thing that Mr. Hoover did when he alluded to grass growing in the streets of De-



DR. ROSENBACH'S "FISHING BOX" (*See p.* 14)

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troit. Jack Çade said "In Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass."

I like Macbeth's phrase for a ghost or murder story—"a dismal treatise." (Act V, Scene 5.)

For years I have besought various taverners to carve above their bars the line (Antony & Cleopatra, IV, 7, 9)

"I have yet room for six scotches more" but no one will believe me that it is actually there. I have the same trouble with my dentist when I quote to him Ecclesiastes XII, 13:—

"The grinders cease because they are few"—but I have yet to find a dentist who reads the Bible.

(Speaking of quotations, it was odd to find the N. Y. *World Telegram* last night in an editorial attributing to Robert Louis Stevenson the famous apology of Charles II for dying so slowly.)

This random and happy ploitering in Shakespeare led me to one extraordinarily interesting thing. Like most of the discoveries that startle me, probably everyone else knew it already. I turned to a book I'd been saving for a year, Dr. E. E. Willoughby's *A Printer of Shakespeare* (Dutton, 1935.) This is a biography of William Jaggard, the Elizabethan printer; to whom and his son, together with the actors Heminge and Condell, we owe the First Folio. I had never known that Jaggard went blind (about 1612)—one might almost think that his blindness might account for some of the extraordinary printing in that book. But at the time of his affliction his son Isaac, then a boy of 18, entered the business, and it was Isaac's name that appeared on the title page in 1623. Dr. Willoughby tells us that the older man did not live to see the completion of the book which has made him immortal.

Tom Jaggard, another son of William, was a fellow-student of John Harvard at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. But what pleased me most was to learn that the mother of William Jaggard, after his father's death, married a man called Morley. I wish he could have been her first husband.

Thinking about Shakespeare one thinks of the man who has handled more of the quartos and folios than any other—Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the famous bookseller. Rosy will be sixty next week, and will probably celebrate it not with a folio but a fish. (His boat, by the way, is called *First Folio.*) Miss Avery Strakosch, who has collaborated with the Doctor in his books of reminiscence, writes me a delightful snapshot of him in his life as fisherman rather than bibliophag:—

Doctor Penguin

It was late Autumn. The man in the long overcoat plowed leisurely through the sand toward my cottage; he stopped now and then to sniff the stiff breeze. My eyes followed him and I was reminded of a certain young penguin at the Aquarium. There was about him that same seemingly unstudied indifference to everything except, perhaps, the salt air.

In outline he resembled a penguin, too. The shabby black coat curved in to the ankles, and an old sweater puffed him out through the pectorals. Shielding him from the autumn sun was a once white felt, turned briny yellow from seasons of exposure to the elements. As I watched him I smiled, wondering what his tailor on Savile Row would have thought if he had met him just then.

"Can't you women ever be on time?" he shouted, spying me through the French door. I came outside. "There won't be a fish biting if you don't hurry!"

We reached his museum-like boathouse on Corson's Inlet, a little fishing village on the Jersey coast, and immediately all need of hurry died down. The fish in the sea would wait. It was more important to uncrate a single one beautifully mounted, that had just arrived. He exhibited it with perhaps greater pride than one of the trophies in his book vaults in New York and Philadelphia. Amused, I recalled the day, a season or two before, when he had received a cable from England saying that a certain belted earl had finally decided to accept Doctor R's offer for his library, one of the finest private collections in England. The same day Doctor had been officially notified by the magazine *Field and Stream* that he had won their prize, some new fishing tackle. It seems he had caught one of the largest channel bass that year, a fifty-nine pounder. He made much more fuss over the fishing prize than over the earl's decision.

AVERY STRAKOSCH

Good News

SIR:—Do you suppose that the general poetry public knows that we have reason to expect a posthumous volume of poems by A. E. Housman?

When I was in college, several years ago, there was a wave of acute interest in the *Shropshire Lad* lyrics. As a representative of that cult, I wrote to Mr. Housman, expressing our delight in the poems and asking point-blank whether *Last Poems* would be the last. On October 15, 1932, he sent me the following characteristically terse post-card:

"Not necessarily the last, but the last volume which will appear in my lifetime.
(signed) A. E. H."

I judge that the omission of salutation and the signature in initials were a gentle reprimand for my audacity.

So far as I know, there has never been any other statement that there were more poems to come, and I'm sure that you and your readers will share my delighted anticipation.

VIRGINIA RICE.

Tufts College,
Medford, Massachusetts.

Cheerful Cajuns

MADAME TOUSSAINT'S WEDDING DAY. By Thad St. Martin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

"THEY were all Gauls." And this racial fact makes a marvellous and delightful difference in this novel of another Southern group living in close grips with life, stirring to the immediate needs of sex and hunger. Such a tale as this about Protestant, anemic Anglo-Saxons would have been clouded by guffawing sin or grim shame, but a tale of Catholic Cajuns, less marked by their squalor than by their sea, it is both lively and in the best sense sophisticated.

That difference is essential. In this Catholic community, lost from priests, a spirit somehow survives through Catholicism from a continuity of warm, persisting paganism, while in similarly lost Protestant communities the spirit of man only goes back to a stiff righteousness, incapable of bending but easily broken into a free obscenity or a hiding shame. But this difference is not all. Undoubtedly a solemn sociologist or a reforming realist would have found in Mr. St. Martin's community of shrimp seiners the sickness, the superstition, the lecherous evil, the idleness, and the greed which Mr. St. Martin notes without squirming. But with a deeper wisdom Mr. St. Martin has found a people capable in poverty of joyous living and in Madame Toussaint, a woman strong, simple and wise, good and joyous, worthy of her lusty brood, of her defunct Toussaint in Heaven, and of the younger and sturdy Jean with whom from her capable widowhood she will jump over a broomstick into bed beyond this crowded day.

Mr. St. Martin has told no story. Instead and delightfully he merely has written in the brimming wedding day of Madame Toussaint the tumultuous description of a people. He has packed it full to overflowing with the drama of love and murder and death, with the smell of shrimp drying and shrimp rotting, of a buxom bride's octagon soap bath, and with the hilarity of easy girls of all shades of color scratching in competition for the bed of a bad, old, sick man who uses everything from quarters and pink ribbons to fully equipped shrimp boats to aid his career in seduction.

This is not a great book, but surely it is a grand one. Full of what some might call shocking material, it is nowhere shocking. There is no room for the pornographic in Mr. St. Martin's shrewd wit and fresh humor. Gusto is the name for the way in which he has put his words down, and gusto will be the name for the way in which a great many readers will pick them up.

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Next Door to George Moore

(*Continued from page* 4)

sensible reader. You have not given the letter from which George pretends to spell suicide. And you can insert a slip in the preface stating that you do not agree with your brother's view of your father's end."

The Colonel mused. I felt that he was considering this middle course. I replaced on the shelf a first edition of Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, on Self Homicide by which I had intended to mollify the Colonel.

"Why not let George have his fling? The book may be all the more saleable for the scandal that may accrue. And fictitious scandal is one of the most endearing attributes of George."

"Will this do?" He read:

"What the Prefacer writes regarding the mode of his father's death must be taken as expressing his wishes, not the facts."

It was admirable. So admirable that I felt that uneasy and obstinate question arise within me, "How is it that non-professional writers are so much better than the self-avowed ones?" Here was his brother out-writing George. Or was it I whose taste had been corrupted as the taste of those who saw bad verse in the Appollian hexameters was held suspect by Lucian?

"Let the learned decide when they convene."

My host had not dressed for dinner. He was always punctilious. What had happened? Was I too early or the only one unwarned of a tragedy? Where was AE? Magee? Magee was the John Eglinton of the tersest and most thoughtful prose of our Decline, "Essays on the Remnant." George feared his scholarship and respected his judgment. The door had opened as I approached. George ushered me in silently. A hand waved me to a chair. He stood before the fire which even in Spring not to mention Summer we keep burning for the hearth's sake in Ireland.

"My dear Magee. I am so glad you have come. I have a new cook. I wish AE were here. I do not want to give her an excuse if we are not ready exactly at eight o'clock. Nobody will ever realize the martyrdom which has been inflicted on me by cooks." He raised his eyes in a piteous expression. It was no use appealing to me. How often had I told him during many a meal which was rendered uncomfortable by his anxiety for its cooking that I did not care for food. It spoils conversation and dilutes good drink.

Luckily AE appeared. He did not dress for dinner. He never dressed for any function until after his return from the United States where his gratitude to his many hospitable friends led him to observe the inconveniences. AE cared less for food than I but his reasons were somewhat different. He had no reasons. He simply was never aware whether he was eating or not. An apple and a cup of coffee and an endless course of conversation, recitation, suggestion, and exaltation. That was AE's sustenance.

As he had in Ebury Street later, Moore had the rooms on the ground and first floor thrown into one another by the removal of the central or folding doors. So we simply walked from the front room into the back room where a comfortable open fire twinkled in the grate.

In an atmosphere highly tense, the servant maid set the clear soup before her master. He gestured to her to serve his guests first. We ate our soup in silence. None of us was an authority on soup. AE asked, "How is the book shaping, Moore?"

"Oh, don't speak of it. I can make no headway. I never had more trouble with any work. And then this secretary of mine elects to fall ill and to go away to some place in Wexford or is it Waterford? And she has all my notes mislaid of course."

"So that is why you had time to write to the 'Irish Times' about the importance of the grey mullet?" Magee said and laughed on a word. The letters about the grey mullet came at a time when the public mind was focussed on Empire destinies and no one was thinking of George Moore. I thought the grey mullet letters were one of his elaborate "leg-pulls." So they were.

"My friends, no one in this country realizes the importance, the significance of food. Food and its preparation are the two criterions (Magee's face jerked because he was not quite sure that he could pass that plural. However!) of civilization. Who is civilized out of Paris?"

Sensing Magee's thought, I whispered, "Mahaffy defends 'hippopotamuses' as a plural."

I stared at the "Trumpeter" by Manet on the wall in front of me. It was lit by the mellow light of candles. I realized that the glare of electric light is responsible for the stridency of our judgment. Jazz, flood-light, Jazz! What hope? But the mellow lights of Moore's dining room resumed the serene days of a period which was based on deep foundations and assured. Even the modernity of Moore's choice affected not my sense of security. The Modernists, the Futurists, had been here in Ely Place subjected to the decorum of a life that was immovable and subject to no fortuitous change. Thus it came about that we could concern ourselves with the way the sole was done in white wine and the origin of the mushrooms.

"Passable," said George Moore.

It was lost on me, AE, and Magee. The advantage of having friends thirty years older than myself is counterbalanced by my lack of authority in their counsels. No one asked me if I liked the sole. Moore passed the heavy white wine to me as if it mattered not whether it was my choice. I passed it on to AE. Magee was the next victim.

"My dear friends! You are drinking nothing!"

It is time for the inevitable and unimaginative chicken, thought I. It was served.

"This is roast," said George Moore. His mind flowed into the carvers as he divided it meticulously. "A wing?"

Even AE was silenced from the strain of the dissection.

"A leg, Magee?"

"Shakespeare," AE said, "must have—"

"My dear AE you must eat something. Nobody wants the breast?" Without awaiting a reply he helped himself.

AE's great beard wagged slowly as he ate the leg. I wondered why Moore was not cleanshaven. If he liked food so much, his moustache . . .

But AE said, "I have often thought that a good play could be made out of Shakespeare's hitherto indeterminate personality. It would serve the English right for not knowing enough about their own Bard to enable them to deny any character we like to attribute to him."

Moore became very attentive.

"Suppose," AE went on, "you were to write a play making Shakespeare merely the mouth-piece for Elizabethan courtiers who feared to write over their own names: Bacon, the Earl of Oxford, Wriothesley—anyone. When Shakespeare has covered their identity in a few plays and finds them a success, he runs off with the credit and the true author finds himself in a position where to prosecute would only make him more suspected and more embarrassed. So Shakespeare becomes immortal."

"Excellent!"

The maid served an omelette. "What were you going to say?"

Suddenly Moore arose, his hair wild. He threw the cover dish on the table. He left the room. I could hear the hall door opening. We looked at one another in a wild surmise.

"I could have said nothing to upset him?" Magee opined.

Timidly I replaced the cover which was beginning to stain the table. Can anything have gone wrong with his food?

Voices in the hall, Moore's voice predominant recalled our attention to our host. He came in followed by a policeman. He took off the dish cover. "There! Look at that! Do you call that an omelette?"

The policeman much embarrassed removed his helmet and stared.

"What are you thinking about? Why don't you do your duty? Go down and arrest my cook."

At last the policeman was understood to say that he was at a loss to know on what charge he was to take action.

"Obtaining money on false pretences. She said she could cook an omelette. And look at that!"

But Moore's pretences to being a connoisseur of food were as false as his servant's pretences to being a cook.

Oliver St. John Gogarty, an Irish doctor, has been a close associate of the leading figures in the Irish literary renaissance.

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An Italian Letter

BY IRMA BRANDEIS

Eugenio Montale

THE situation of the Italians in the field of literature (and, indeed, in all the arts), has been a curious one during the past twenty years when, on the one hand, the curve of decline from the Renaissance has appeared to be hurrying toward bottom level and, on the other, a new country has been officially proclaiming and seeking to stimulate a fresh pulse of life in this very sphere. Since the close of the world war modern sculpture, painting, music, architecture, literature have been appearing abundantly in Italy. But there was a false link somewhere; contemporary Italian art has left its proper audience cool and distant—or manifesting at best a certain patriotic enthusiasm entirely without issue. To the outsider one thing at least seems evident: the genius of the Italian people has stopped speaking in these forms; it had, even before the African debate, turned toward the immense practical problems that faced the changed country. The artist was compelled either to quit producing altogether or else to work with a feeling of unimportance, of thinness, of collapsibility. For the most part the result was that he did collapse on inspection. Largely, recent Italian art is expressive neither of contemporary life nor of strong individual reality. And the case of those exceptional artists whose convictions have remained alive, whose hands have retained authenticity in spite of the general drain of attention to other fields, becomes all the more striking. There are some such men in Italy, today. One of them is the poet, Eugenio Montale; among the choice few books, his volume, *Ossi di Seppia.**

Montale's writing is hard, intense, empty of all superfluities. In diction it has an entirely natural lack of simplicity, appropriate to its intention. Its images are clipped sharp and hard from the immediate sensuous world. Montale's phrasing asserts itself in the memory; his words have a taste which you remember. You recognize him in the atmosphere of the curious concrete world he assembled to clothe the "abstract entities"; in his

> Do you ask to halt time over the divergent countryside? Great speckled wings brush past you, balconies thrust out to the open thin, live, blonde dolls, the blades of windmills turn, stiff above garrulous streams. Do you ask to stop the silver bells over the town and the hoarse sound of the doves? Do you ask for the timid mornings of your distant shores?

The experience in which such curiously assorted objects and ideas are juxtaposed is a perfectly integrated one. For here is a physical world whose function is no longer that of background, but which has virtually changed places with man in that it is the mover and man the moved. The unaware, the unfeeling, the unintentional world performs on a single level with the conscious, the feeling, and the willing. The physical scene takes over mood or emotion. This activity in man of the irrational concrete is the personal seal on Montale's poetry. It colors all that he writes. He tends to view the world in terms of the dissidence between these two kinds of being: between all that is prisoned, questioning but unanswered, tending toward death, and all that is free, unquestioning, powerful, recurrent. Such an opposition is clearly stated in some poems, while in others—the majority and the more successful—it is implicit, an overtone rising from the scene. The poet can find no way out of patterned time, no permanent resting place for the heart, no bridge between desiring and attaining. He does not comment on this situation: he *displays* it. There is no outcry, no emotional overflow. The inanimate world alone shows anything akin to violence; and pity, fear, time, doubt—all the abstractions—take on objective shape. In *La Casa dei Doganieri* (The Toll-Keeper's House), one reads:

> Years now south wind has harried the old walls and the sound of your laughter is no longer light. The compass runs mad, chance takes it, and the throw of the dice comes always false. You have forgotten; changed time diverts your memory and what was marked there, fades.

and in *The Lemon Trees:*

> See, in these silences wherein things abandon themselves and seem about to betray their ultimate secret, sometimes one half expects to discover a mistake of nature, the dead point of the world, the link which will not hold, the thread to disentangle, which might set us at length in the midst of a truth.

In this Montalian landscape one soon notices the frequent recurrence of the sea, the winds, the marine plants and the reefs of a rough north coast. Yet clearly the sea is not Montale's subject. It is, rather, his choicest image, his richest source of symbols. And again the further one reads in his works the clearer it becomes that these particular tides and storms have enlarged their usual sphere (just as this particular man has reduced his), to operate upon, or within, the heart and mind. There is repeated allusion to the wind that blows in the heart; an emblem tossed there by the wind, the lake of the heart; and permanence becomes a deep ravine, immobility a growth of binding roots, articulateness the ocean itself, time a measured flow of water.

I. A. Richards, commenting upon a similar recurrence of images in the poetry of T. S. Eliot, observes cogently that, "when a writer has found a theme or image which fixes a point of relative stability in the drift of experience, it is not to be expected that he will avoid it. Such themes are a means of orientation." Montale's whole seascape is precisely a series of such orienting images or symbols. Their verbal beauty, their *immediate* effectiveness, must not stop the reader from seeing where they tend. For their essential effect is never decorative, even where they convey the scene with genius. The rough Ligurian coast is, for Montale, a source of images that serve to express in the greatest possible variety, yet with "relative stability," the second term of the immobility-freedom dissidence alluded to above. There is no self-consciousness in this usage. Indeed, critical analysis gives it a rather falsifying baldness. It works underground in writer's as well as reader's mind. First the sea, the winds, the rocks, and then eventually all moving water and the lesser furniture of the coast take on ulterior significance. So when Montale fuses these sea images with the properties of life they become sharp symbols in his vocabulary. With them he states his whole case in little. And such symbolic structure, at times inconsequential in the early poems, in later works extends its terminology, its intricacy and attains a deeply-rooted, deeply-stirring power.

If at times these poems recall T. S. Eliot's in sound, it is a limited and superficial resemblance dependent upon use of the prose phrase as a rhythmic unit as well as a certain wanted dryness of tone. But even structurally the likeness cannot be pressed, for, in the small group of poems it touches, Montale's use of rhyme, assonance, pauses, is unlike Eliot's, his whole inflection is an individual affair. Grammatically he is almost always complex and highly elliptical. A kind of musical awkwardness, irregularities even in rhymed, stanzaic verse, intensify one's pleasure in the evident basic rhythmic structure. And a certain harshness, a deliberate astringency of surface, are properties of the true and necessary musical mode in which all the works of this Italian poet are composed.

AUTUMN CELLARS

On which descends the lunar spring,
haloes with light chipped jugs,
cleft pine cones, dazzlement
of drying nets, splinters of wood.

There will return, there will return
across the frost
the bounty of a hand;
and there will ford the distant sky
again the luminous horde that sacks
the heart.

(*translated by I. B.*)

EBB TIDE

Evening of cries, when in the arbor
of time-past rides again the swing,
and tenuous fog, veiling the harbor
and the fixed sea, drifts down.

It was . . . that time. Now slanting
flights
wing swiftly past the wall; no more
shall the decline be checked; even the
reef
fades, that first led you to the waves
past the steep-dipping shore.

There comes, companion to the breath
of spring,
a sombre eddying
of taken lives; and in the night,
black vine, your memory alone
stirs and binds tight,
touching the galleries, the distant
tunnel
where the slow train is swallowed; now
there strays
invisible on the hills a moonly flock
come late, to graze.

(*translated by I. B.*)

* *Ossi di Seppia* by Eugenio Montale; published by Carabba, 1925, 1928, 1931. (See also *La Casa dei Doganieri*, by the same author; Vallecchi, 1931.)

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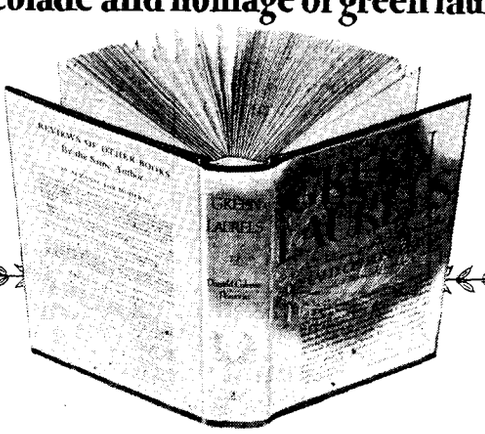
Green Laurels

TODAY I open a book that leads me directly into the living world. With the turn of a page I quit the gray streets of the city and watch nature unfurl her green banners. Here all music is great music, all the lines have meaning. Upon this living growing, ever-changing world a poet-laureate of Science, Donald Culross Peattie (himself a naturalist of note*) now fixes our comprehending eyes. To such a world he dedicates a chronicle of the great scientists from Aristotle to Fabre who, with curiosity and rapture, have experienced nature and loved nature with abiding devotion. We share their visions, their consecrations, their triumphs and their discoveries They show us what all men might see had we the genius to look. Thus it is given to us to behold the world as God made it. To explore such a world is to learn man's place in nature and nature's place in man. All life becomes our province....The sound of wings is in this book, the murmur of the forest, eons of time, the wilderness itself, and continents rising from the sea. We hack our way through jungles like hells and trek over arctic wastes. We unlock dark secrets and witness high sacraments... This then is the story of the discovery of the world of nature by the mind of man. In all civilization there has been no more lofty adventure, and upon its heroes Donald Culross Peattie has placed the accolade and homage of green laurels

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE has attained international renown as a poet, novelist and naturalist. He is the author of *Singing in the Wilderness* and *An Almanac for Moderns*, which won the 1935 Gold Medal of the Limited Editions Club as "the book written by an American during the past three years most likely to become a classic." (both published by G.P. Putnam's Sons). His new book *Green Laurels* is published by the Inner Sanctum of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



GREEN LAURELS, the Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists, by Donald Culross Peattie, is the August selection of the Literary Guild of America. 400 pages, 32 illustrations. $3.75 On sale at all Bookstores

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Critical Methods and Theories

THE DOUBLE AGENT. By R. P. Blackmur. New York: Arrow Editions. 1936. $3.

THE DESTRUCTIVE ELEMENT. By Stephen Spender. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by J. V. HEALY

"FIRST statements," Mr. Blackmur says, "had better be negative and dogmatic." Very well—Mr. Blackmur is a confused thinker and an unclear writer. This does not mean that he is not a good one because his patient analysis often leads him to something startling, as when he discusses the language of E. E. Cummings, the vocabulary of Wallace Stevens, and the problems of Hart Crane. His only definitive essay, the one on Ezra Pound, is one of his best. The Introduction to the Critical Prefaces of Henry James is good but knee-bending. Mr. Blackmur has failed to distinguish between analysis and acceptance.

A critic, if he does not have a set of ideas or a mind of his own, had better have a method or a manner if anything at all. Mr. Blackmur's ideas are difficult because they contradict one another; his method is that of James, and his manner that of Eliot. "To criticize," James wrote, "is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish in fine a relation with the criticized thing and make it one's own." In other words, bite off just the right amount of the right sort of thing and chew. Even such a process, however, requires some sort of taste and ideas; besides, let us not forget that Henry James was a novelist. Mr. Blackmur says, "The followers of James absorb something of a technical mastery good for any subject, any attitude, any style." I have no way of knowing whether all followers of James do, but Mr. Blackmur does not. James's method of vague intuitive analysis, as distinguished from the sexually principled method of Proust, is valid for the narrative where actions and characters exist to stand ambiguous and then to stand revealed. In logic, in psychology, in economics, or in simple straight thinking a coherent attitude toward the objective world had better exist as often as one is awake and not in a passion. The best poetry and the best criticism can do no more than to reflect such a world.

And what does Mr. Blackmur do? With a conscientiousness one can only admire (he is indeed the most diligent and understanding reader of verse that I know of) he makes a quibbling statement, sets off on an analysis, suddenly expresses an idea, usually derived from Eliot, and then continues his analysis until he feels that he has struck bottom. This bottom he calls "the seminal," "the surd," "the absolute," "the quotidian," and even "aseity." Leaving the questionable use of such words aside, and he is not at all sure of his vocabulary—"viableness" on page 26, for example, not only does not exist in the dictionary but is used in a way that would shock any biologist or psychologist to whom the word "viability" means much—Mr. Blackmur's problem is an old one. When one goes digging for essences, using only the analytic method of Henry James, sooner or later one will come to the main question: what is the essence of an essence? This problem has been answered from Mr. Blackmur's angle, knowledge to Mr. Blackmur being entirely of essences, by Scotus Erigena who pointed out that we cannot have such ultimate knowledge, not because we have finite minds as Plato has said, but because the basis of essence is not itself essence. It is possible, however, to "feel" an object by itself, and I take this to be the chief purpose of Mr. Blackmur's sensibility; moreover, it is still more possible to analyze an object *sui generis*. But we can *know* an object only in contrast to another and dissimilar object, and analysis as a method of *knowing* is futile unless it proceeds from a postulate or a set of postulates. At any rate, how is Mr. Blackmur to know just when he has struck bottom?

In his last and most brilliant essay, A Critic's Job of Work, Mr. Blackmur explains his technique of criticism. He would have, instead of a theory of knowledge, a method of "imaginative scepticism and dramatic irony," after, so he says, the manner of Plato and Montaigne who seem, to him, to have made no positive asseverations. Inasmuch as poetry is "idiom, a special and fresh way of saying something"; so criticism is the elucidation of this idiom, an "acknowledging of sensibility." In other words, it is a perpetual search for "better names and more orderly arrangements." Mr. Blackmur's main premise, one Peirce would have agreed to, is his insistence that "knowledge itself is a fall from the paradise of undifferentiated sensation." Yet whereas Peirce coalesced this idea with a panpsychic metaphysic, Blackmur remains entirely unorganized. Thus he can utter such a deplorable heresy as:

> While it is true and good that the arts may be used to illustrate social propaganda—though it is not a great use—you can no more use an economic insight as your chief critical tool than you can make much out of the Mass by submitting the doctrine of transubstantiation to chemical analysis.

This is a heresy against logic, coherence, and the scientific method. Even allowing Mr. Blackmur his point that criticism is the acknowledging of sensibility, there still remains the question of where one is to get the taste that helps one to identify the right sort of sensibility. Of course, Peirce would say that such taste is latent; and to a degree it is; nevertheless I prefer to think of an observation made by Henry James in this context: "The taste of the poet is his active sense of life."

It is Stephen Spender's active sense of life that gives his book of essays on James, Eliot, Yeats, and D. H. Lawrence its intelligence, integrity, and clarity. His sense of life, while not especially active, is a coherent one:

> The materialist conception of history, the theory of surplus value, the idea of crystallized labours: all these are solids, they are the material subject-matter and yet more in the world of ideas. The writer who grasps anything of Marxist theory, feels that he is moving in a world of reality, and in a purposive world, not merely a world of destructive, oppressive things.

The destructive element, Mr. Spender argues, is embodied in the work of these men by their denial of the idea of progress, which, incidentally, Mr. Spender is weak-kneed about himself, in their retreat into the past, into themselves, into decay.

> The great division of communism from all other creeds is that in it ends have been made equivalent with means, the method has deliberately been turned into the creed.

The book is good, its valuations are sane, but its irrelevant digressions lack backbone. In the end Mr. Spender admits that "art does not illustrate a point of view, but presents its subject matter in a new form."

J. V. Healy is assistant librarian at the Massachusetts State College.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GRIM GAME *Sidney Horler* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Quintuple erasure of British secret agents starts dauntless Tiger Standish on elimination campaign of his own.	As death-stares-hero-in-face-at-end-of-every-chapter opus this is completely brainless and totally thrillful.	Fluff
THE BAROTIQUE MYSTERY *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Caribbean island harbors mixed grill of characters with resulting killings and work for Kent Murdock.	Murdock's methods, "unethical but effective," lift tale out of ruck—but not quite far enough for excellence.	50-50
A FRAME FOR MURDER *Kirke Mechem* (Crime Club: $2.)	Oil operator's corpse in riverside straw stack leads Stephen Steele to several skeleton filled closets.	If you tire of two-involved plot turn to the swell description of blowing out a burning gusher.	Average

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Reminiscent of Rousseau

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY: BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. New York: Julian Messner. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. MURRY'S autobiography begins with childhood and closes at the end of the world war. Dates are more or less inferential, but J. M. M. seems to be about thirty years old. Katherine Mansfield is already consumptive, but she lived until 1923. They have just married, after an association of six years. The tie between them has become closer, the devotion more intense. But they are both strange people. Their association with D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda is also close and strange.

The Lawrences and Katherine Mansfield were peculiar and definite personalities, now known to us from other sources. It is Murry whose peculiarity here emerges. What sort of a person was he? One uses the past tense, because, though he is still in active career, the autobiography closes about 1918. The "Two Worlds" between which he finds himself at that date were a world consisting of moments of solitary vision, "Where I was at home because I was not," and a "world of act and suffering, of love and friendship," in which "I was, and was in anguish and in insentience."

This J. Middleton Murry is puzzling. The autobiography creates the puzzle rather than answers it. Readers of several of his books have supposed him negative if not negligible. There were two books on Lawrence, and two, I think, on Katherine Mansfield, but those gifted and extraordinary artists still wait their better interpreters. There were four or five religious, or semi-religious books; one called "The Evolution of an Intellectual," but one's impression is they were intellectually rather thin. But the J. M. M. of the autobiography is as extraordinary in his way as Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence. He throws little clear light on, nor makes visible, either of those strange creatures. "Katherine, when she is Katherine, writes like the South West Wind" is a phrase worth remembering. He felt that she was a writer in a sense that he was not. He was not a creative artist. But as to himself he is as candid and revealing as Rousseau, more simple, more plainly honest, and with a singularly interpretive understanding of the psychology of boyhood. He must have been more clever than definitely appears. He won his way by sheer ability and hard work through Christ's Hospital and Oxford to the editorial boards of The Westminster Gazette, The Athenaeum, and The Times Supplement. He had no end of friends who thought him "odd but charming." "As a person," he says, "I was quite extraordinarily underdeveloped and chaotic."

Every man seen from within looks to himself indefinite. A cloud from within looks like a fog. A lake, if you are inside it, is just water. Clearly enough Murry was sensitive and found life a painful experience. The suburban family of a small clerk in a government office in London often changes residence and has few social roots. At Christ's Hospital and Oxford he entered the current of old tradition and immemorial background. The isolation of these strata from each other in English society has been seldom so vividly suggested. He was adaptable to the new atmosphere, but never at home in it. He always felt rootless. Lawrence's proletariat as a subsoil was comparatively rich.

Murry's idealisms were numerous and besetting. He had "a prodigious faculty for work." His autobiography may be unimportant but at least it is curious, and it does remind one of Rousseau.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

hounded mercilessly by the censor during their lives, would nod assent in their graves.

And so it is doubly difficult to understand the attitude of the intelligent opponents of the Bad Book Bill. Most of them seem to feel that something should be done about pornography. They must realize that they are dealing with actualities, and that they cannot stop the flow of smut by taking sporadic cracks at outlets. When pressed for a solution other than the Bad Book Bill, they merely shrug their shoulders and say that the present law, while not perfect, is the best makeshift available.

Mr. Davis is not quite as resourceless as all that. He has a plan. He proposes that each State set up an official Board to which a publisher or bookseller might submit a book for examination prior to publication and distribution. If the Board found the book unobjectionable, its decision would be conclusive proof of its legality in any attempted prosecution later on. If the Board held otherwise, the book could still be published and sold, but anyone dealing with it would be acting at his peril. An indefensible scheme, shot through with endless possibilities of bureaucratic intermeddling, corruption, political reprisal, and bigotry. I find it hard to believe that Mr. Davis was aware of the implications of his plan.

The word "censorship" has been rather loosely used. It is sometimes employed to mean pre-censorship, i.e., the submission of material in advance and prior to dissemination to an administrative body for approval. Motion picture censorship is an example in point. The word is also used to denote the prosecution of material *after* circulation. It is needless to point out that the first species of censorship is the more vicious one; it is characterized by all the evils attendant upon the tyranny of previous restraint.

Shortly after Caxton set up his press in Westminster in 1476, the Crown forbade all printing except by royal permission. That was the beginning of prelicensing. It continued for about a hundred years, eventually calling forth Milton's "Areopagitica" which still stands out as one of the most impassioned pleas for free expression in the history of letters. Pre-censorship of the press was abolished in 1695, and has not been in force since then either in England or in America.

Yet what Mr. Davis proposes to do is to set up a machinery for the pre-licensing of books; he would make book censorship duplicate all the stupidity, the viciousness, the indefensible bungling of motion picture censorship.

I doubt whether anyone can, in dealing with a subject as vague and debatable as obscenity, prescribe a curative specific. The best that one can do is to indicate generally the principal objective, i.e., the greatest possible freedom of expression consistent with the protection (not coddling) of public morals. I think that the enactment of the Bad Book Bill or its equivalent in various states would be a step in the right direction. There may be other and more salutary steps, but I am sure Mr. Davis's suggestion is not one of them.

ALEXANDER LINDEY.

New York City

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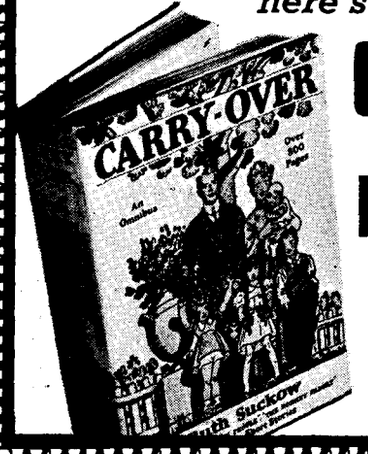

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IT'S SELDOM TOO HOT TO READ . . .

WE were planning to make that *never*, but last week we saw the error of our ways. We performed a little experiment (purely in the interests of science, of course) right here in the office and had to admit that even reading smacked of exercise. There was the effort necessary to turn the pages—for one thing. But that was an exceptional case. Ordinarily reading is the most reliable of summer pastimes, just as *The Saturday Review* is the best possible means of keeping informed on what is going on in the world of books. So when you go away this summer, why not arrange to have the *Review* at hand? Enter a subscription now, and we will have *The Saturday Review* track you to any Post Office in the United States at no additional charge.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE is a deal of homely verse in Masefield's new volume, "A Letter From Pontus" (Macmillan. $2), and I am sorry to say I found much of it quite prosy. The book starts with the story of Ovid's exile, and ends with the story of Dick Whittington, except for the last brief poem, "Sweet Friends," which is of unusual autobiographical interest and in which Masefield seems following on the famous epitaph of Shakespeare in a new way:

Print not my life nor letters; put them by:
When I am dead let memory of me die.
Blessed be those who in their mercy heed
This heartfelt prayer of mine to Adam's seed;
Blessed be they, but may a curse pursue
All who reject this living prayer, and do.

That would seem to preclude biography in the future. But will it indeed be so? Probably not, with so famous a man. Masefield can still tell a story, but there is a monotony to blank verse and couplets relieved mainly by his power of exact description of natural things, remembered scenes, and simple folk. The poem on "Australia" benefits by this in scenes described, "Joseph Hodges" by the same. But where has gone the poet's historical sense to wax so completely royalist in "Westminster Hall," and in full-hearted defence of Charles the First? "Ten generations have not yet gone by," and the Puritans to him are still merely "rebels facing their king." Is that the result of being Laureate, the unconscious re-acceptance of Right Divine? Certainly the execution of King Charles is still a matter to be debated, but hardly in such fashion. "Ballet Russe" is a failure because the manner is too heavy for the matter. On the other hand, "The Wild Geese" is the best poem in the book—both vivid and significant. The devout hopes expressed in "The Will" and in "Hope" are obviously sincere, but depress the soul when one thinks how often such prayers have gone up from the poets to no avail. The new world will never be won by that alone.

In general Masefield is as likeable and staunch a man as ever, as revealed in this book, but certainly the magic has passed from his verse in it; and that on the heels of having written an unusually fine novel the same year. His best feats in this new book of poems could really have been accomplished in prose. We will hope it is only his prose year and that true poetry will gush again.

But if Masefield may not have a biography, there is one in preparation upon E. A. Robinson, and as a pursuivant we have Laura E. Richards' brief book of reminiscences of him, "E. A. R.," published by the Harvard University Press. Among treasurable things in it are excerpts from a paper Robinson himself wrote for *The Colophon*. Collectors of Robinsoniana will find the book essential.

Two volumes by younger poet that I should have reviewed before this are Gilbert Maxwell's "Stranger's Garment" and Daniel Whitehead Hicky's "Call Back the Spring." The former, Mr. Maxwell's, is published by Dodd, Mead & Company; a decidedly attractive and dignified volume that deserves more notice than it seems to have received. Mr. Hicky's latest work comes from Henry Holt & Company. After reading both books, however, I seemed to have read enough iambic pentameter and couplets for many weeks. Neither poet has much range. When Mr. Hicky approaches ballad or song—as in his lynching poem, "Dark Justice," and "Song Out of Erin"—he does rather badly. In his sonnets he has a certain distinction. He has more color in his poems, as a general rule, than has Mr. Maxwell. But the uniform level of Mr. Maxwell's poetry is higher. "Mirage at Midnight" is an impressive lyric. The sonnet for Edna St. Vincent Millay is remarkably good. "Memory Recurrent" (bad title) is a good poem. "Two Mothers" is an interesting portrait poem and so is "Ishmael." Mr. Hicky's "Bloodroot" does him credit, as do a few of his sonnets. He seems to have had wider success with magazine publication than Mr. Maxwell.

Harold Vinal is known to all poets as editor of that excellent poetry magazine, *Voices*, encourager of writers of verse, and a poet in his own right. In "Hurricane" (Stephen Daye Press: Brattleboro, Vermont) he has now written "A Maine Chronicle." Several sections of the poem have already appeared in periodicals specializing in poetry; but the book is a continuous chronicle, and the island it celebrates is in Penobscot Bay. Mr. Vinal tells the stories of eight people associated with the island, and in so doing delves in dark drama and tragedy. As to the poetry in the book, in these last years Mr. Vinal's work has greatly strengthened, so that today he must accept judgment in comparison with the best. By such judgment he still appears to need more power of organization of his material and a deeper impress of his own personality on his work. His phrase, also, in this day when a number of younger writers have such keen instinct for the revelatory word, could be improved. Despite these strictures, he is a good workman and has written an interesting narrative with beautiful passages.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 120)

JOHN FLETCHER—
"WEEP NO MORE"

Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as wingéd dreams fly fast
Why should sadness longer last.

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The New Books

Art

A HISTORY OF SPANISH PAINTING. Vol. VII, Parts 1 and 2. By Chandler Rathfon Post. Harvard University Press. $15.

To note the sure, placid, and judicious mood in which Professor Post threads the dark forest of the 15th century painting of Valencia, is to give way both to admiration and despair. How can one who is fully aware of the hopelessly subesthetic quality of the matter in hand, keep interested, write clearly, judge cautiously? As one reads, the conviction grows that at present no real history of early Spanish painting is possible. The subject is fluid; the facts are not ascertained. Of the 650 pages of these two volumes over 150 are devoted to additions and revisions of the earlier volumes. Nearly everything in the present section is what is usually and properly conveyed in special articles. On the other hand, if there be a fundamental doubt as to whether such a book should be written now, the veriest doubter must admit that this work of arbitration is admirably well done, with ripe scholarship and delicate common sense. To a few score of adepts in the world Professor Post's History affords welcome guidance and effective first aid. Except for the abundance of novel illustrations of curious pictures there is little to arrest and less to beguile the mere layman who requires that a picture should flatter his eye.

F. J. M.

Biography

PETER PORCUPINE. A Study of William Cobbett. By Marjorie Bowen. Longmans, Green. 1936. $3.50.

There is no very good reason for a new life of William Cobbett. Excellent studies of him, both scholarly and popular, are and have been for some time available. He seems, however, to be an irresistible subject, even to writers like Mrs. Bowen who are not in sympathy with his aims and who do not fully appreciate the indomitable, almost brutal, common-sense which is the very essence of his character. She is a very skilful biographer, and nothing that she writes is without merit, but she seems to have turned to Cobbett largely out of a sense of duty, out of a feeling that, as the prime example of the articulate English peasant, he belongs in the gallery of her portraits. She makes some astute critical judgments on his various writings, but the man himself irritates her, and she allows her irritation to show itself in a kind of captiousness that is sometimes exasperating. Whenever she is forced to give grudging admiration to something he has done or said, she immediately thinks of someone who would or could have done or said it very much better. Cobbett was not without faults; he was egotistical and frequently smug, but his lovable simplicity and honorable directness made him a much more attractive person than Mrs. Bowen presents.

C. D. A.

THE GREATEST OF THE BORGIAS. By Margaret Yeo. New York: The Bruce Publishing Company. 1936. $2.50.

What qualifies the historical value of this well-written biography is that it is written from the Catholic point of view, in a science and culture series edited by Joseph Husslein, S.J. That need not, however, interfere with one's pleasure in Mrs. Yeo's vivid descriptions, her excellent painting in of background, and her knowledge of the Italian Renaissance in all its blood and mysticism. The Francis Borgia here treated is not, of course, the famous and evil Duke of Gandia supposedly murdered by Ceasar Borgia, of whom Swinburne wrote in poetic drama. He is the grandson of that Juan. He became a General in the Company of Jesus when it had not long been founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, and his years in that "Christian militia," as the editor of this series dubs it, have been described by other writers. Mrs. Yeo, however, rounds out the life, and gives it more substance, by devoting chapters to the boyhood, youth, and ripening manhood. Francis's mother, the Duchess Doña Juana de Aragon, was a remarkable woman, as was his wife Eleanor. And when Eleanor died Francis found, as Mrs. Yeo tells us, a perfect friend in Ignatius of Loyola.

Mrs. Yeo has formerly written concerning Don John of Austria and St. Francis Xavier, and the present volume is by no means a book wholly for the devout. It is the book of a deft research student and of an author who can write with vividness and charm. If you care at all for the period of which it treats, you can glean much from it.

W. R. B.

Fiction

JOURNAL OF A YOUNG MAN. By Martin Delaney. Vanguard. 1936. $2.50.

For those who can remember reading Floyd Dell's novels of moon-calf days in Greenwich Village, this journal of a modern Villager offers a curious sequel. These are sadder and wiser Bohemians. Their poverty is no longer a romantic adventure. Their victories over convention are won, and now they face the real enemy, insecurity. They write, or pose, or address envelopes all day for a miserable living, and at night the air is thick with dialectics instead of esthetics. Dan Kerry, our young man, is a writer and a communist, member of a local section that is devoted to street meetings, public protests, and support of evicted families. This seems to be a portrait of quite another type of Villager from Dell's Felix Fay.

Yet not different enough. It is a disappointment to find that Kerry, despite the bitter cud he chews, is still the moon-calf. Ostensibly a frank account of a young man alive to his world, the journal devotes most of its space to this young

(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
BEATING WINGS *Robert W. Chambers* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Romance	Poor Ellie! Sans dough, with a terrific yen for sculpturing. So what—so the lass struggles the hard way and up pops success. Of course there is a guy.	Algeresque
PAMPA JOE *C. E. Scoggins* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Adventure	Joe Lanning from Texas looks for the Argentine lining armed with dead papa's lien on So. American ranch. Wild—but the characters are custom-built.	It Lasts
FOLDING BEDUINS *Howard Vincent O'Brien* (Willett, Clark: $1.)	Autogeography	Mix equal parts of fact and human-side-of-the-news reporting and shake well in trailer with journalist and family to and from Florida.	Useful

Public Speech

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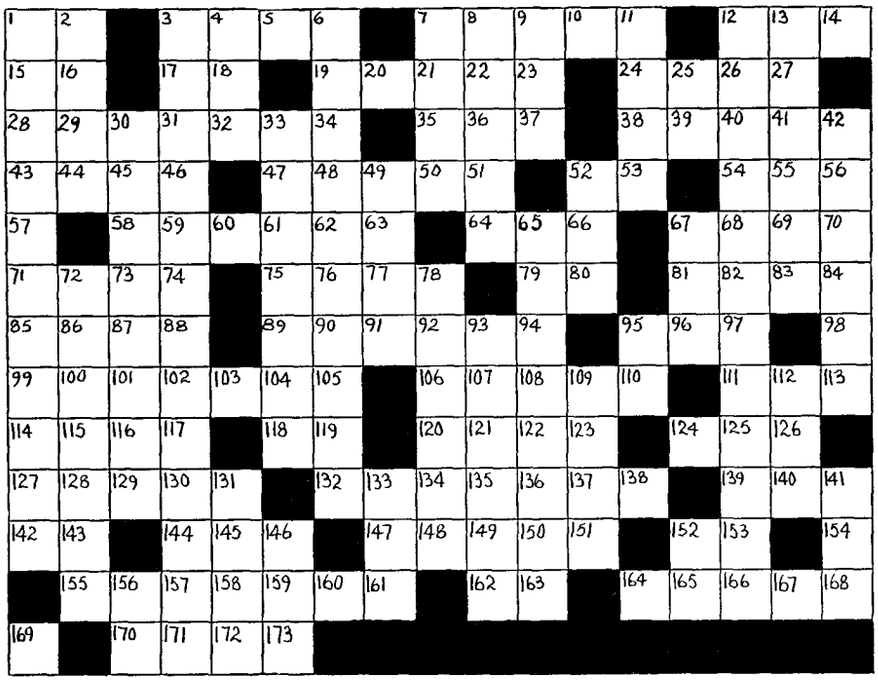
Double-Crostics: No. 121

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Cave dweller.

II. Proceeds haltingly.

III. Banishment.

IV. Tom Thumb.

V. Spirit of evil in Zoroastrianism.

VI. Close friend of Keats.

VII. Rewards.

VIII. Apex, culmination.

IX. Musical form.

X. Forefathers.

XI. The Kingmaker.

XII. Elegiac poem by Matthew Arnold.

XIII. Reddish-orange.

XIV. Develops.

XV. Obtuse.

XVI. Exudes.

XVII. Character in "Twelfth Night."

XVIII. Scandinavian spirits.

XIX. Receding.

XX. Swedish philosopher (1688-1772).

XXI. Pitches (baseball).

XXII. Knitted wool blanket.

XXIII. Dallies.

XIV. Reflexive pronoun.

XXV. Estimations.

XXVI. Stairway post.

WORDS

26 97 65 115 29 36 109 163 144 87

8 134 75 58 166 32 89

96 46 117 129 14 21 52 63 3

12 92 77 147 69 42

83 145 91 154 162 159 35

34 44 172 146 37 64

164 148 79 48 122 7

140 128 125 105 112 70

62 156 53 15 55

136 10 19 151 5 56

24 9 66 31 152 85 22

74 27 57 126 138 114 110

116 173 104 71 168

49 132 30 113 150 40 120

90 76 68 17 131 25 80 111

100 61 13 160 73

2 82 16 130 124 171

118 157 4 50 102 169

161 106 101 133 84 67

88 39 6 47 18 95 81 119 108 123

143 60 107 33 170 38

127 153 94 86 99 43

137 54 167 155 11 41 78

141 23 45 165 51 28

149 139 121 1 103 59 93 158

142 20 98 72 135

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

man's hunger for fair women, to his over-emotional responses to music, to his helpless passion for a girl, all of these blending into a hazy, indiscriminate compound of Barbara-Beethoven-Shelley-Sheila-moonlight-Tschaikovsky-anguish. We are too close here to the old, sentimental pattern, and this is particularly disappointing in view of the excellence of those very brief sections devoted to Kerry's actual experiences in social revolt. The proportions of the book should have been turned the other way—less yearning, more movement. The purpose of the book demanded it.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

FORTY YEARS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH. By Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. 1936. $3.

The friends of Mr. Garland will regret that he gave to his experiences among mediums the significance implied in collecting this uncritical record of an interest extending over forty years, but as amateurish in its pursuit at the end as at the start. The book has the value of illustrating what may happen to a man of abundant talent in one direction, when he ventures into a field requiring an altogether different logical equipment of training, and the more unfortunate when trusting, kindly, hospitable, he thinks well—all too well—of his fellow men, particularly his fellow women. Summarized, it offers material for Mark Sullivan's "Our Times"; for it has its place in the American scene. Psychical Research has, however, since Mr. Garland's interest in it began, advanced so far in standards of investigation, that its responsible sponsors will hardly welcome so indiscriminate an acceptance of a medley of miracles, many of which they classify among the ordinary fraudulent pretenses to the supernormal.

In so abundant a protocol, there are many points of interest which in more critical hands might yield items of illumination, especially the revelations of private details in the sitters' lives. But these will no more yield to the amateur's technique than will the physical stunts. The entire perspective of procedure and possible value in the domain loosely called Psychical Research is different in the expert and in the amateur approach. As a case-history, the volume is instructive; as a contribution it is hardly to be taken seriously.

J. J.

THE FOXES. By R. P. Harriss. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $2.50.

This book is saturated with plantation memories and the haunting beauty of the Carolina low country. Some of the stories sound strange to Northern ears. A cock-fight which ends in a gun-fight, and the story of Jim Crack, a jumping-mule, are two of them.

Jim was the offspring of an amour between Fancy Free, a thoroughbred filly, and a masterful jack. The little boy of the plantation trained him to hunt and to jump. He would follow his master

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around like a dog, carrying his hat and curtseying for sugar. At last his young owner entered him in a steeple-chase for thoroughbreds and half-breds. When he produced his entry a roar of laughter went up from the crowd.

"This am a horse-race, boy, not a mule-race," said the Chairman of the Racing Committee.

"He's a half-bred," persisted the boy, "out of Fancy Free." Finally, as a joke, he was allowed to enter, and at the starter's gun Jim Crack cleared the first barrier with two feet to spare, with his legs folded under him like a sheep's when it jumps. In a frenzy of fright he ran away from the field until he came to the last part of the course which was around a curve. Keeping straight on he cleared a high fence and then leaped clear over a farm wagon and rushed back to his stable. His little owner, although losing the race, received a special prize, a bright yellow blanket with "Jim Crack" on it in staring letters.

The prose of Mr. Harriss has that elusive, singing quality which marks a real craftsman. The author writes about otters, vultures, orchids, moccasins, and marsh ponies, descended from the horses of Spanish conquerors. All these, however, are but a setting for a saga of foxes wherein are chronicled the vivid lives and brave deaths of a fox family. The book should belong to every lover of the low country, whose vanishing beauty is a cherished inheritance of every Carolinian.

S. S., Jr.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

MISSOURI SHAKESPEARE pulls America's leg. While T. E. Eliot was announcing himself a royalist in politics, a classicist in literature and an Anglo-Catholic in religion, he wrote essays. These have been collected in one large volume entitled COLLECTED ESSAYS. Edition de luxe, beautifully printed and autographed by the pride of St. Louis. Published at $20.00, you can now get copies (while they last), for $7.50, from THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, INC., 333 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Free lists of bargains in rare books and first editions sent on request.

CLEO. Shall we let upstart L. L. pay the check if he knows the answer to why Pope Leo XIII wired Field Marshal Baron von Loe: "Your American daughter-in-law is a remarkably intelligent woman." W. W.

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WOMAN, 28, finding life monotonous, would welcome, and answer letters. Box 450-B.

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SELL OR RENT. Six room colonial cottage. Improvements. Wonderful location; view. Refined, quiet section. Price reasonable. Josephine R. Dolfini, Middletown, New York.

TO Z. E. B. SMOOTH SAILING. Best wishes and good luck. Kitt.

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YOUR AND MY OPPORTUNITY: If you are looking for a man with rich background of knowledge, training, and experience write box 452-B. He is 31 years old, single, enthusiastic but thorough, and has been abroad.

BUSINESS WOMAN would like proposition from real estate firm, preferably in south, to do office work, stenographic, typing, cashiering, mimeographing switchboard, general, at reasonable salary, meanwhile learning business to sell for them. Have own typewriter and car. Excellent references from present employers, if definite offer is made. Box 453-B.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE most thrilling Graduating Class Picture we've ever seen was taken at The Seeing Eye (Morristown, N. J.). It showed a group of blind people who had completed their month's course of instruction with trained dogs, starting off with their dogs for a new life. ☞Everyone has heard of the Seeing Eye, founded in 1928 by Mrs. Harrison Eustis, which educates dogs to lead the blind—through traffic, on ships or trains, anywhere they need to go. But not only the dogs require training, the blind person also requires experiences with the dog to ensure mutual understanding and coordination. ☞The Seeing Eye is now planning a national membership enrollment to extend its campaign against darkness. Booth Tarkington has accepted the chairmanship of this fine cause. ☞The Seeing Eye has about 25 copies left of the little booklets they had printed in Switzerland when their work began. (The first of the trained dogs was a Swiss.) It has occurred to them in raising funds for their work that some collectors might be interested in these pioneer booklets, which have been autographed or illustrated with drawings by lovers of these dogs. They have copies signed by Helen Keller, Roy Chapman Andrews, Clyde Fisher, Ruth Draper, Philip Merivale, Connie Mack, Clarence B. Kelland, Josef Hofmann, etc., and in others original sketches have been done by W. H. D. Koerner, F. R. Gruger, May Wilson Preston, John La Gatta, H. J. Soulen. ☞The Advisory Council of the Seeing Eye (60 East 42 Street, N. Y. C.) would welcome offers from collectors for these unusual items in aid of a great cause. ☞The name The Seeing Eye comes from the Book of Proverbs (xx, 12) and if King Solomon was their author nothing would have pleased him more than to see his words put to such shining service.

☞Dale Warren reports that Houghton Mifflin lately had a letter (from California) that went thus:—

> Dear Sir: Will you please write me the instructions and Rules for ones life in book form? Also what per centage I give to you if my manuscript is accepted? If it is not accepted will you please publish me one dozen copys for my family? Yours truly,
>
> Mrs.——

☞This shows how deep down the present craze for autobiography has penetrated the public.

☞Among summer ventures is the Chatham Bookshop at Chatham on Cape Cod, recently opened by two young bibliophiles, Miss Helen Hare and Miss Louise Thomas. They were greatly tempted by a picturesque upstairs room over a fish market, but finally they teamed up with a bicycle vendor instead. They report that they have copies of the *Saturday Review* on hand and will attempt special service for all S.R.L. addicts. ☞The current selection of the Scientific Book Club is *The Realm of the Nebulae* by Edwin Hubble the distinguished astronomer whom we hope to see a Nobel Prizeman some day. ☞Dawson's Book Shop (Los Angeles) quotes a rhyme about Hokusai by Arthur Davison Ficke, as follows:—

Because thou wast marvellous of eye,
magic of fancy, lithe of hand,
Because thou didst play o'er many a
gulf where common mortals dizzy
stand,
Because no thing in earth or sky es-
caped the prying of thine art,
I call thee, who wast master of all, the
master with the monkey's heart.

☞Which makes us think, where can we find that grand little statement about himself written by Hokusai and signing himself "The Old Man Mad About Drawing"? ☞The Summer and Autumn catalogue of William Morrow & Co. is unusually sprightly, perhaps due to the flexible right hand of Mr. Bob Hunt. It has many good things to say about authors, e.g. of George Worthing Yates: "the roster of schools and colleges he attended, beginning with Peddie and ending with King's College, Cambridge, is long enough to indicate restlessness either on his part or on the part of the authorities." He has written a mystery called *There Was a Crooked Man.* ☞Just noticed the handsome postage-stamp issued for the Arkansas centennial. At any rate it's been a grand Administration for stamp collectors.

☞To the list of 1921 college graduates now in printers' ink trades W. A. Codding (Harpers) adds the following, all Dartmouth '21:— Ingham Baker (G. & C. Merriam); Paul Belknap, publisher of Vermont newspapers; Herrick Brown (N. Y. *Sun*); Alfred Green (Syracuse *Post-Standard*); Harland Manchester (Boston *Herald*).

☞We observe with pleasure, in a catalogue from Frank Hollings (7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, London) that sagacious customers continue to collect W. W. Jacobs, and at moderate prices. ☞Macmillan reports that an old favorite of ours, *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*, published more than 30 years ago, still sells steadily. ☞It isn't only book catalogues that appeal to us: we've just received a most tempting booklet describing and illustrating the hand-made walnut furniture of the Amana colony in Iowa. ☞The Amana Society, a pious and hard-working community near Iowa City, has long been honorably known (in this country since 1845) for blankets, hams, hearth-baked bread and hand-turned woodwork. See any encyclopædia.

☞One of the interesting developments in sport has been the growth of professional or postgraduate football. Dr. Harry A. March, M.D., who smokes the biggest curve-stem tobacco-chimney east of Pittsburgh, is known as the Father of Pro Football, and has told its history in a lively little book full of good anecdotes and photographs. ☞The game began in 1895 at Latrobe, Pa., but it was the enthusiasm of the Ohio towns that really kept it alive. "Men from the sunset side of the Appalachians are larger and more durable as a rule," says Dr. March. ☞Certainly the good doctor is himself an example of this, and his book (with a "kick-off" by Grantland Rice) will give much pleasure to pigskinophiles. It is entitled *Pro Football, Its Ups and Downs* and may be had direct from the author (75c in paper, $1 bound in cloth) at 235 West 103 Street, N. Y. City.

A World-Famous Tennis Star Reveals Her Life and Her Game

Every lover of tennis will want to own this book. It is packed with illuminating side-lights and dramatic incidents, featuring such world-famed players as "Big Bill" Tilden, "Little Bill" Johnston, Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills and Molla Mallory. But more than that, it reveals many of the strategies of championship play, and the effects of temperaments on it. A book every tennis player can use to improve his game. 32 action illustrations in aquatone. Only $2.50 at all bookstores. (LIPPINCOTT, *Phila.*)

BEYOND THE GAME

by HELEN HULL JACOBS

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